THE OLD PLANTATION MELODIES

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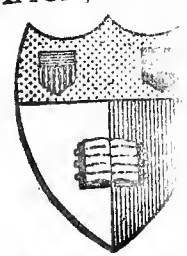

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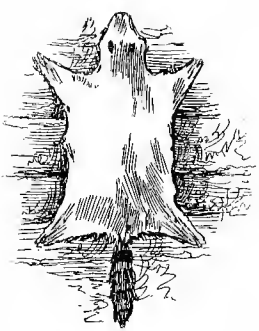
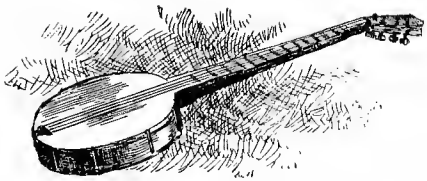
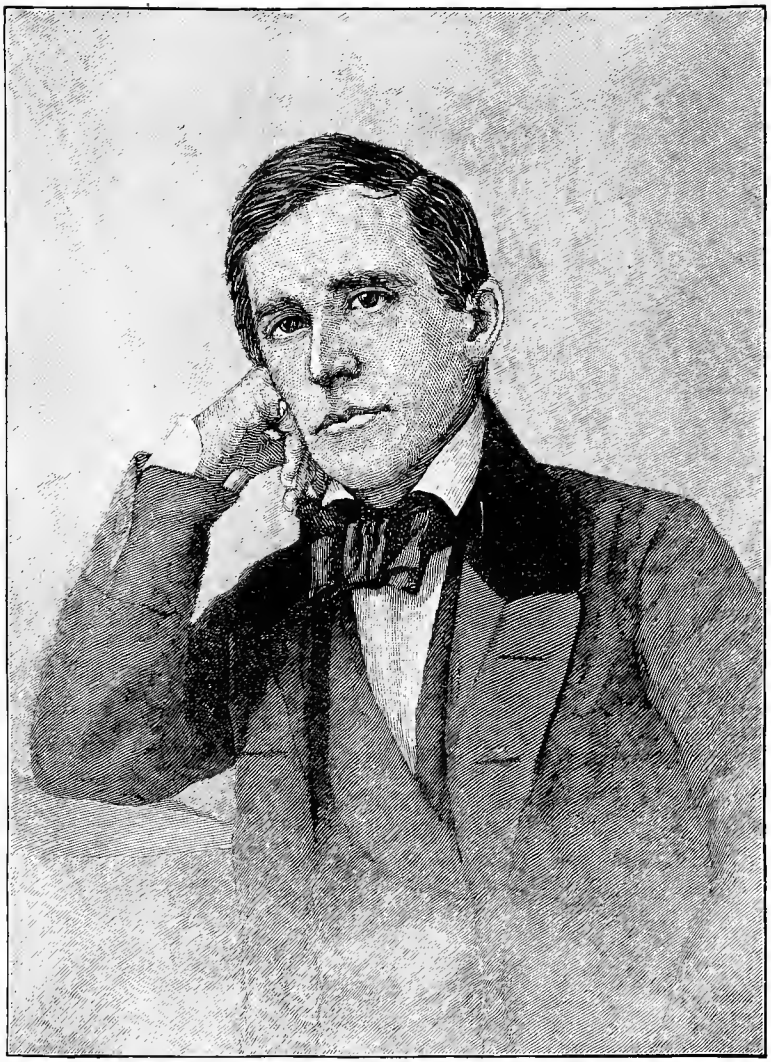
OLD PLANTATION MELODIES







Geo. C. Foster.

THE OLD PLANTATION MELODIES

WRITTEN and COMPOSED
BY
STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER
WALTER KITTREDGE
and others

ILLUSTRATED BY
CHARLES COPELAND and
MARY HALLOCK FOOTE

H. M. CALDWELL CO.
PUBLISHERS NEW YORK
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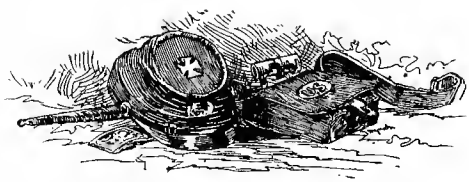
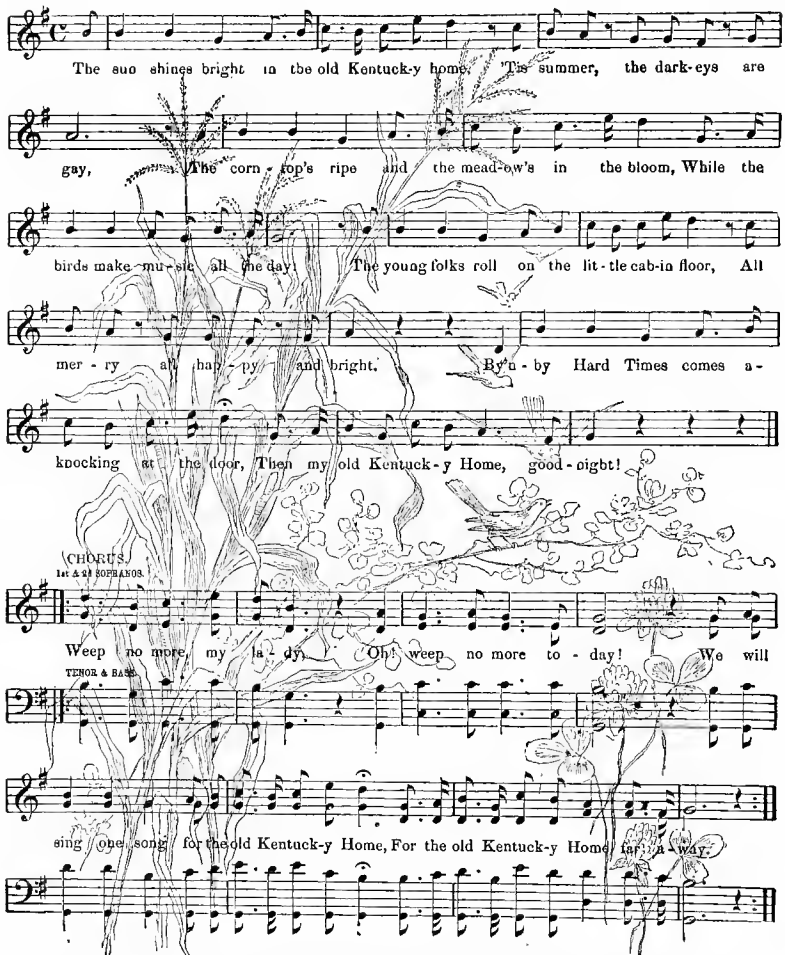


MY OLD
KENTUCKY HOME

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD NIGHT!


The sun shines bright in the old Kentuck-y home, 'Tis summer, the dark-eys are
gay, The corn - top's ripe and the mead-ow's in the bloom, While the
birds make mu - sic all the day! The young folks roll on the lit - tle cab-in floor, All
mer - ry all hap - py and bright. By'n - by Hard Times comes a -
knocking at the door, Then my old Kentuck - y Home, good - night!
CHORUS.
1st & 2d SOPRANOS.
Weep no more, my la - dy, Oh! weep no more to - day!
TENOR & BASS.
We will
sing one song for the old Kentuck-y Home, For the old Kentuck-y Home far a - way.

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MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD-NIGHT!

THE sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home;
'T is summer, the darkeys are gay;
The corn-top 's ripe, and the meadow 's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright;
By-'n'-by Hard Times comes a-knocking at the door, —
Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night!

CHORUS.

Weep no more, my lady;
Oh, weep no more to-day!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky Home,
For the old Kentucky Home far away.

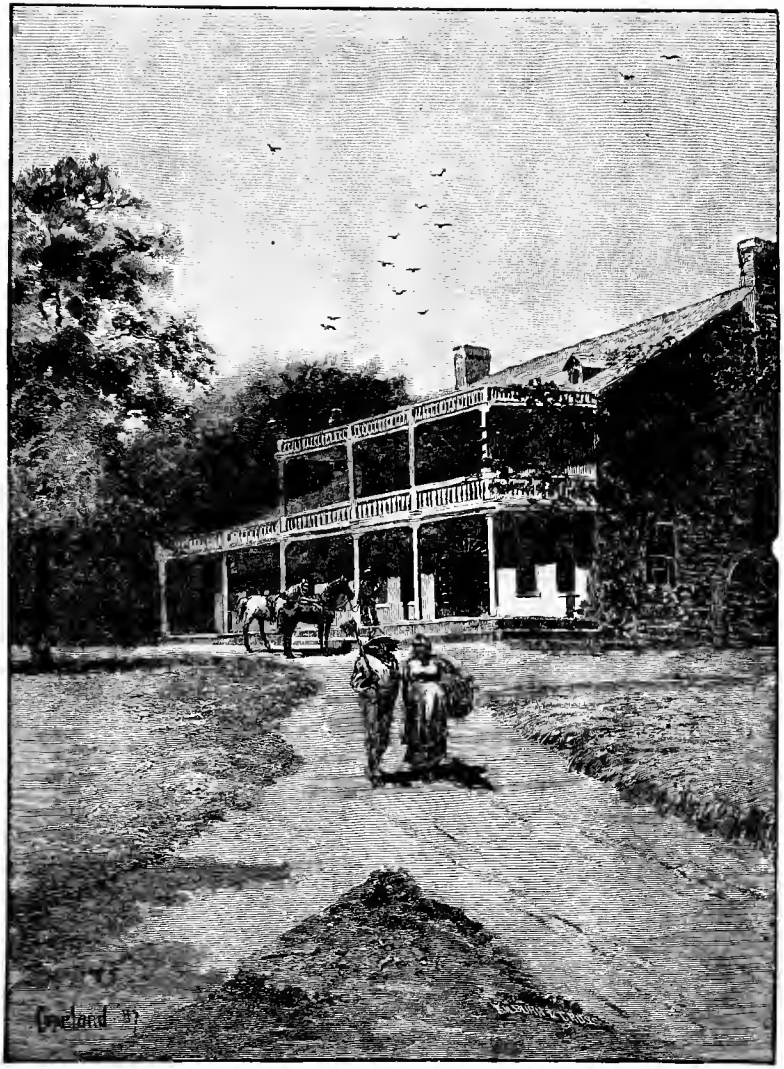
They hunt no more for the possum and the coon
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;
They sing no more, by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door.
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkeys have to part, —
Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night!

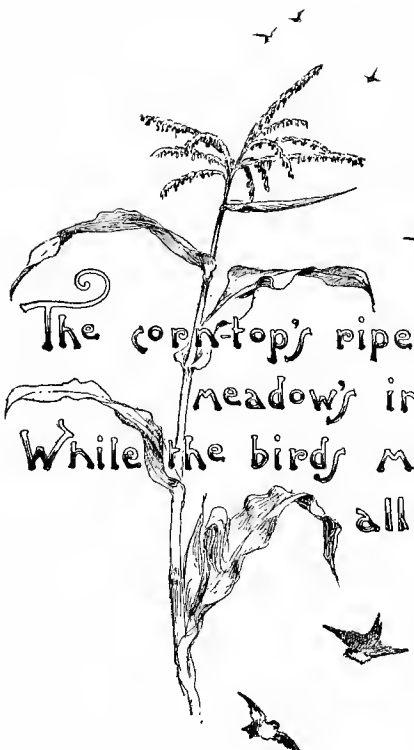
CHORUS.

The head must bow, and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darkey may go;
A few more days, and the trouble all will end
In the field where the sugar-canes grow;
A few more days for to tote the weary load, —
No matter, 't will never be light;
A few more days till we totter on the road, —
Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night!

CHORUS.

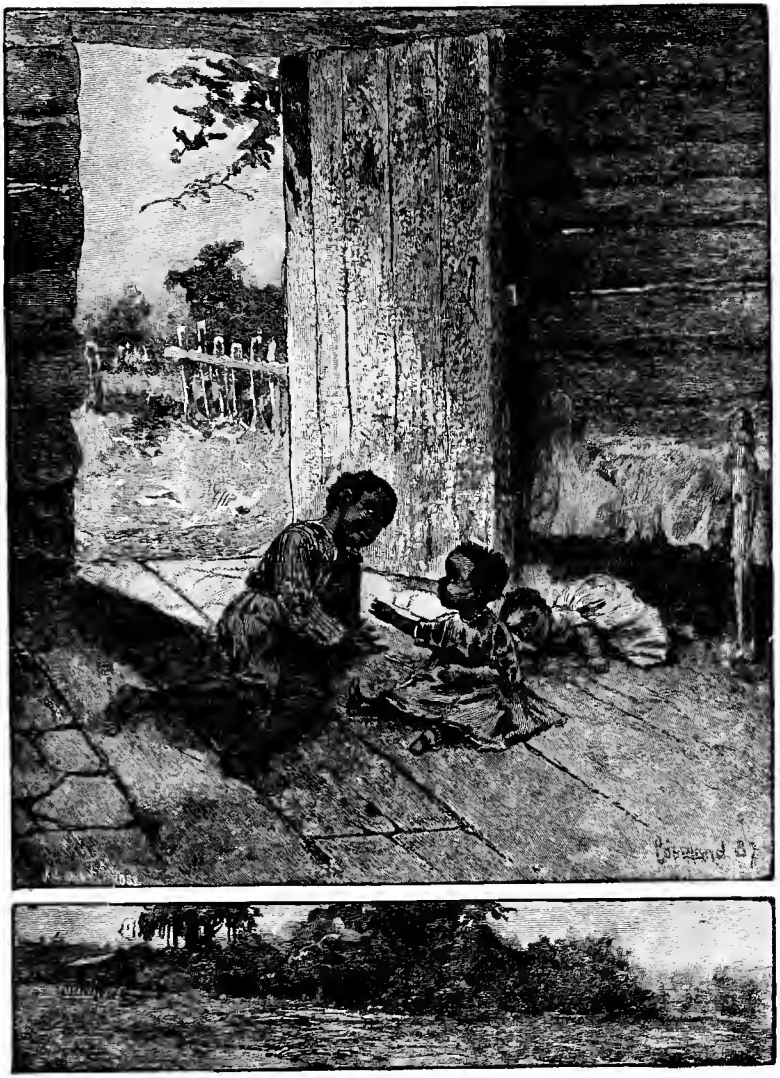
The sun shines bright in the
old Kentucky home;
'Tis summer, the darkeys
are gay;



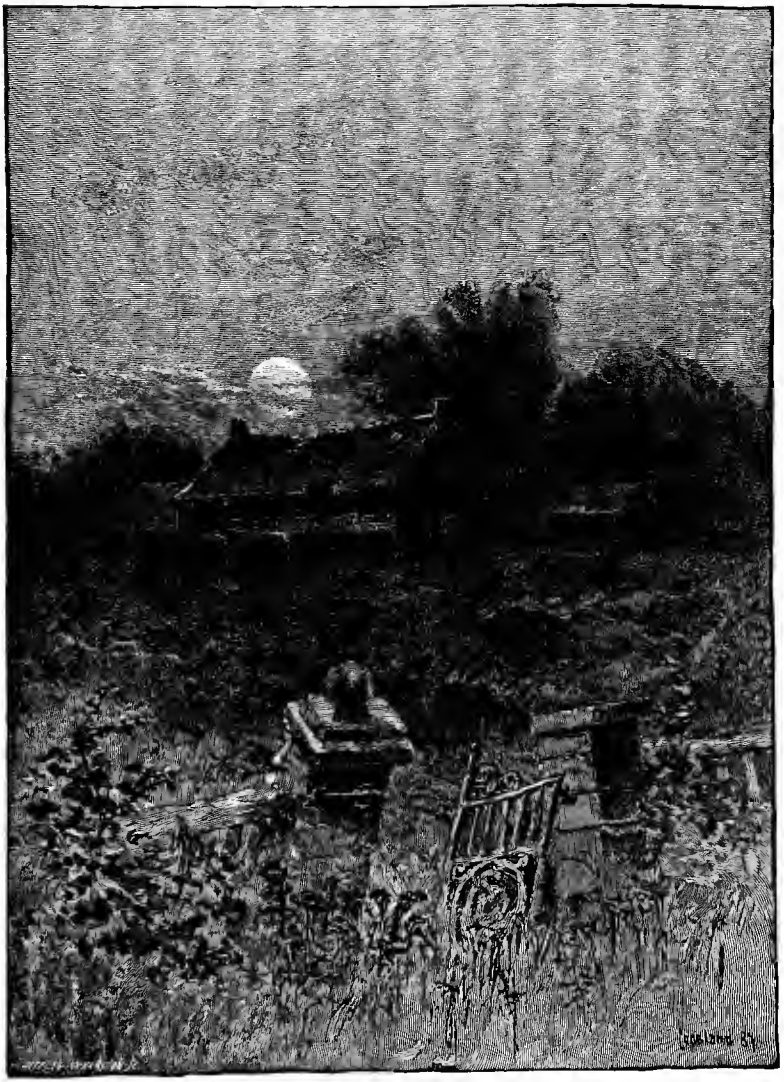


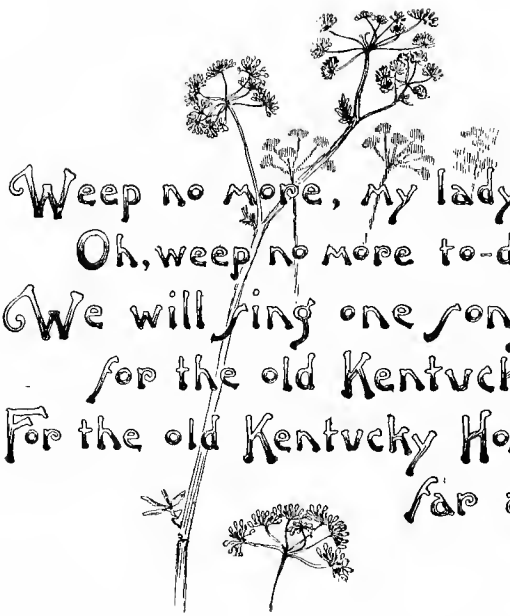
The corn-top's ripe, and the
meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music
all the day.

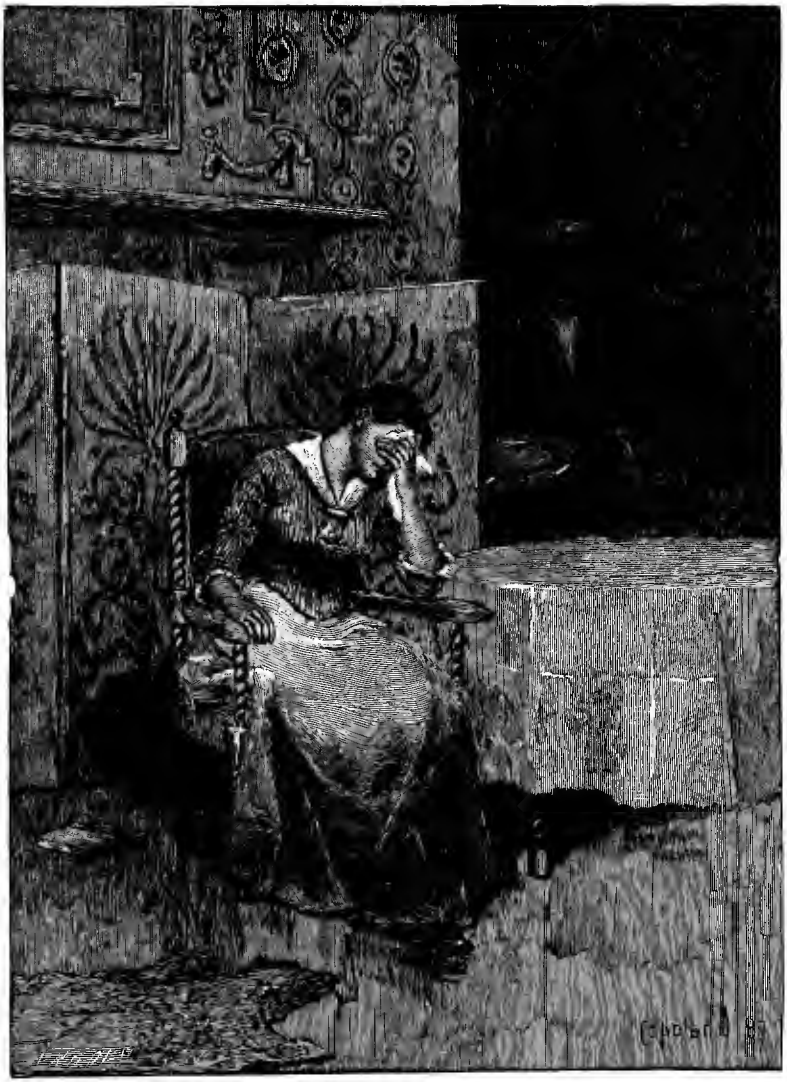
The young folks roll on the
little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy
and bright;

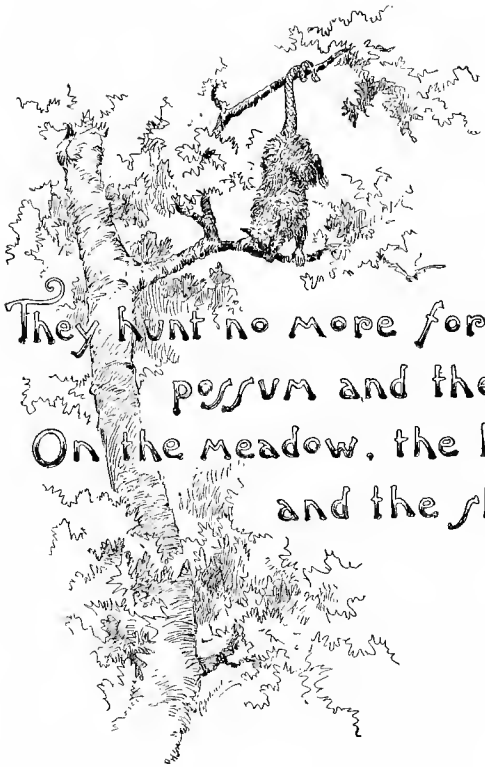


By-n-by Hard Times
comes a-knocking at the door,-
Then my old Kentucky Home,
good-night!




Weep no more, my lady;
Oh, weep no more to-day!
We will sing one song
for the old Kentucky Home,
For the old Kentucky Home
far away





They hunt no more for the
possum and the coon
On the meadow, the hill,
and the shore;

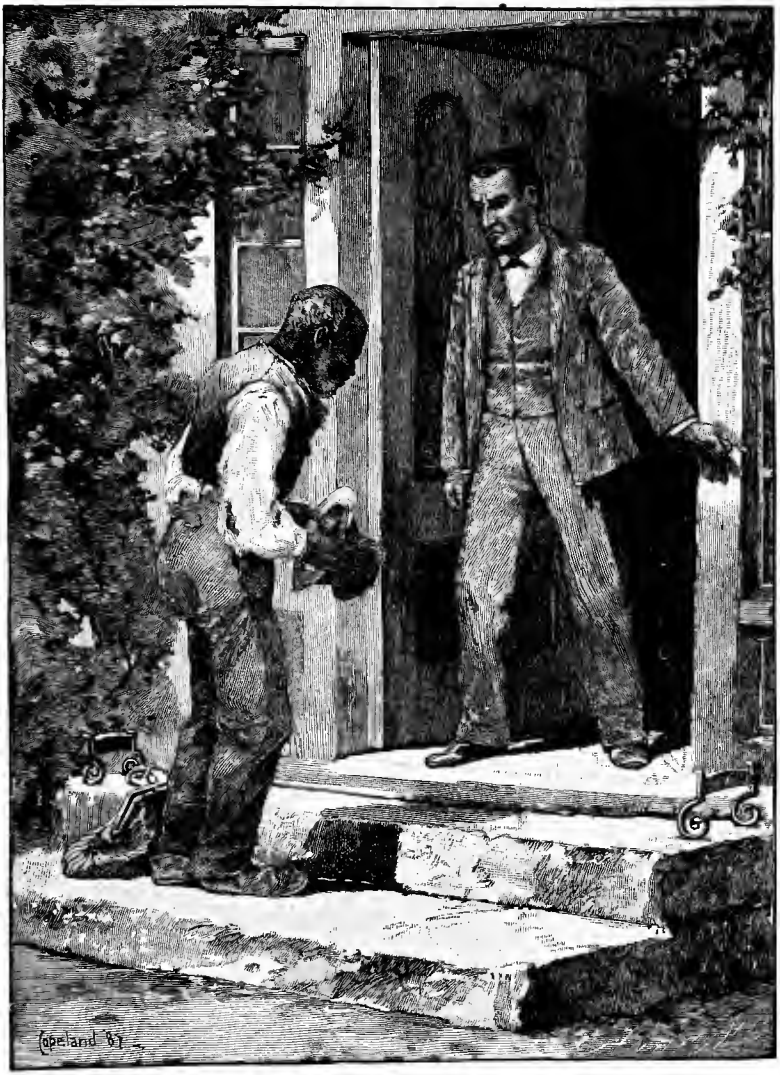
They sing no more,
by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the
old cabin door.

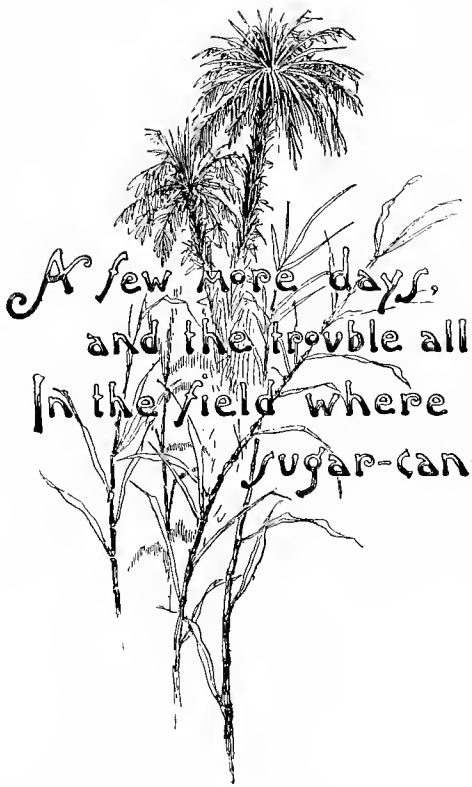
The day goes by
like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow
where all was delight;

The time has come
when the darkeys have to part.-
Then my old Kentucky Home,
good-night!

Copeland 87

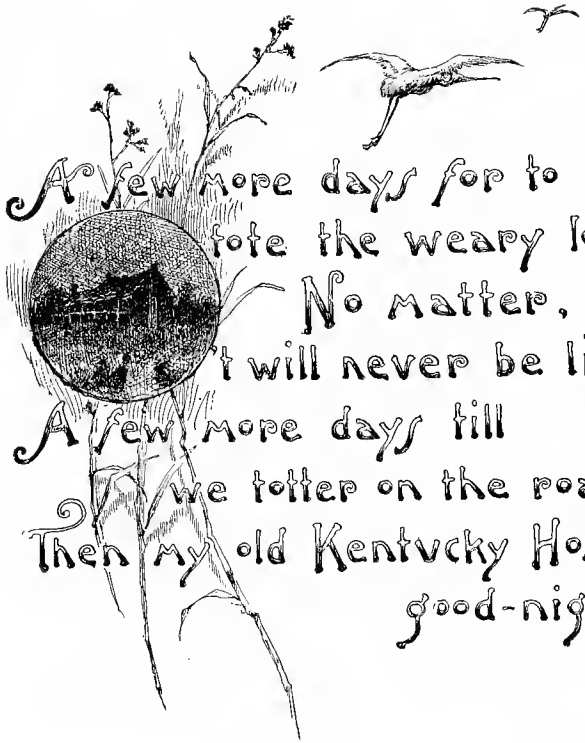
The head must bow, and the back
will have to bend,
Wherever the darkey
may go;


Copeland &



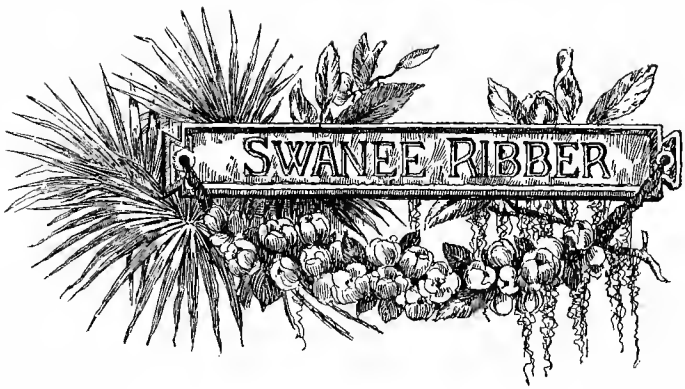
A few more days,
and the trouble all will end
In the field where the
sugar-canes grow;

Copeland-87

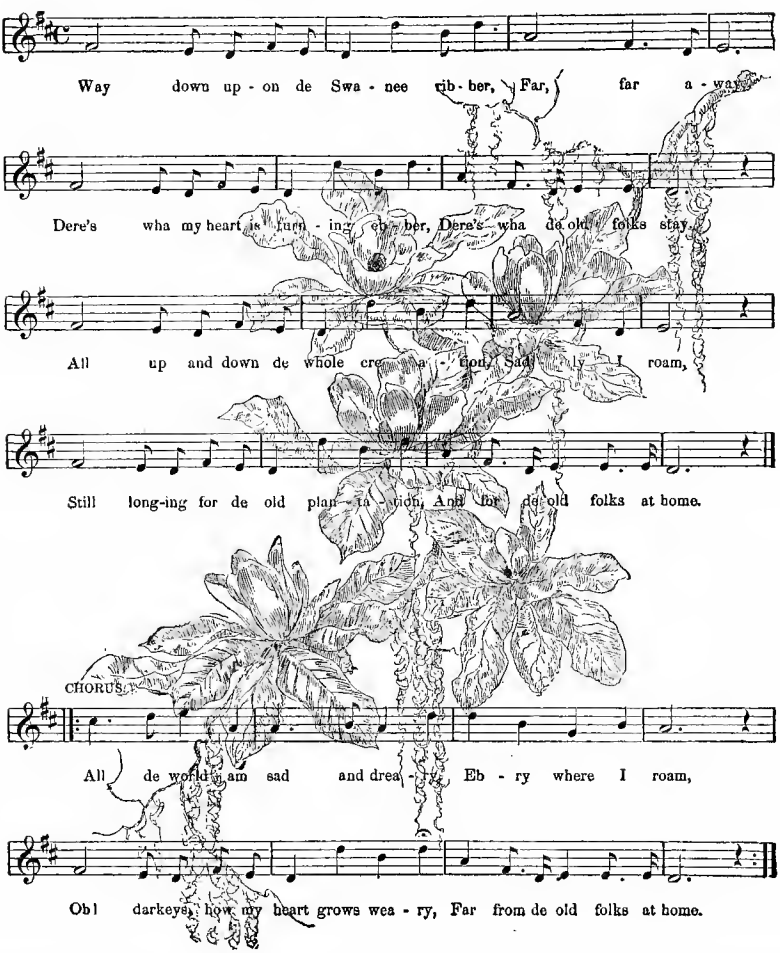

A few more days for to
tote the weary load,—
No matter,
't will never be light;
A few more days till
we totter on the road,—
Then my old Kentucky Home,
good-night!

CHRISTINE NILSSON

AS SHE APPEARED WHEN SINGING "THE SWANEE RIVER."


SWANEE RIBBER

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.


Way down up - on de Swa - nee rib - ber, Far, far a - way,
Dere's wha my heart is turn - ing eb - ber, Dere's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
Still long-ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.
CHORUS.
All de world am sad and drea - ry, Eb - ry where I roam,
Oh! darkeys, how my heart grows wea - ry, Far from de old folks at home.

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OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

WAY down upon de Swanee ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere's wha my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

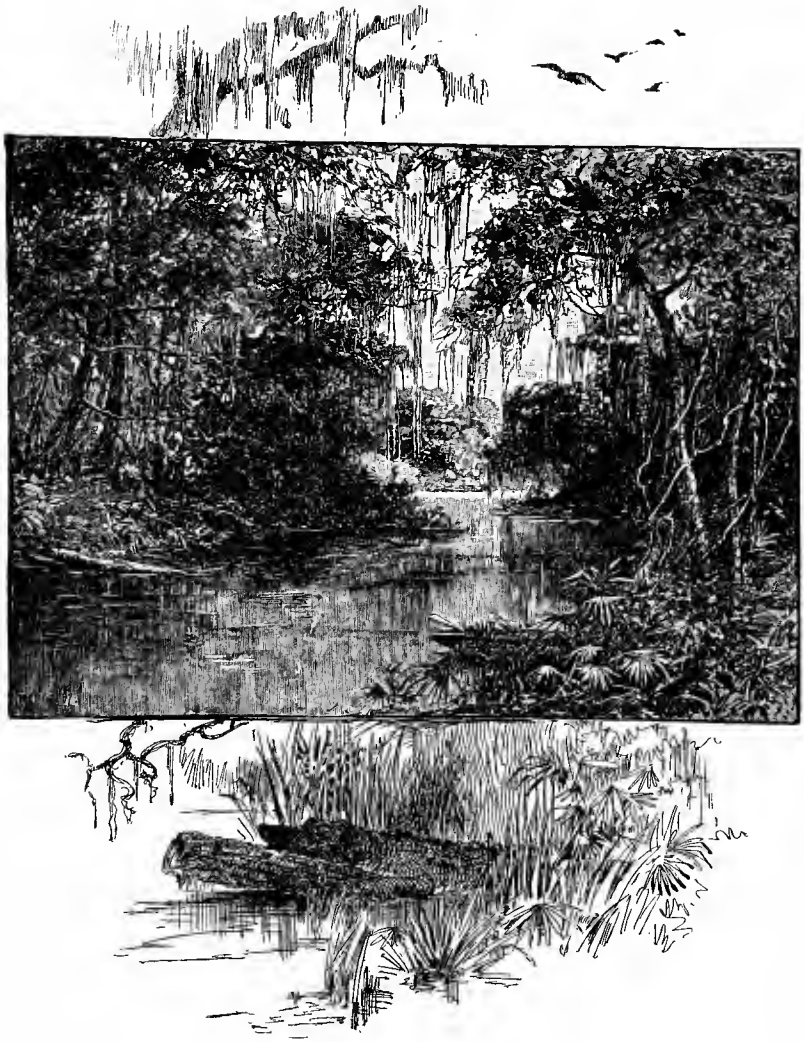
CHORUS.

All de world am sad and dreary,
Ebrywhere I roam;
Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary
Far from de old folks at home!

All round de little farm I wander'd
When I was young;
Den many happy days I squander'd,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder,
Happy was I;
Oh, take me to my kind old mudder!
Dere let me live and die. CHORUS

One little hut among de bushes,
One dat I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a-humming
All round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming,
Down in my good old home? CHORUS.

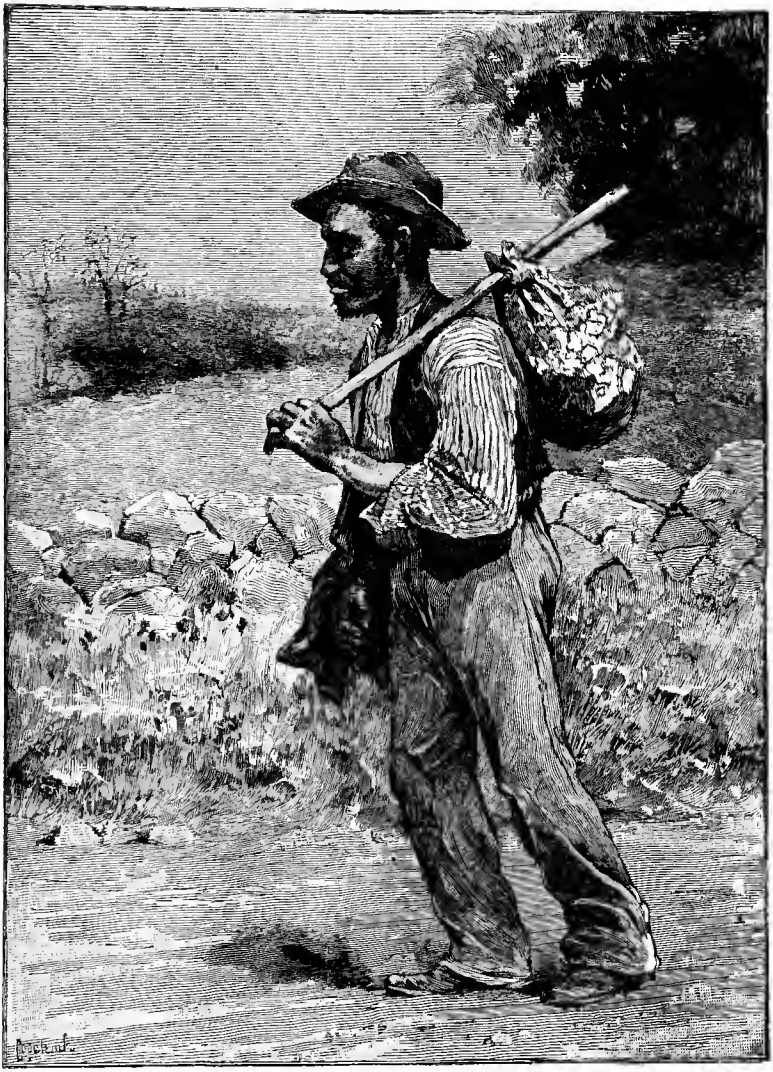
Way down upon de
Swanee ribber,
Far, far away



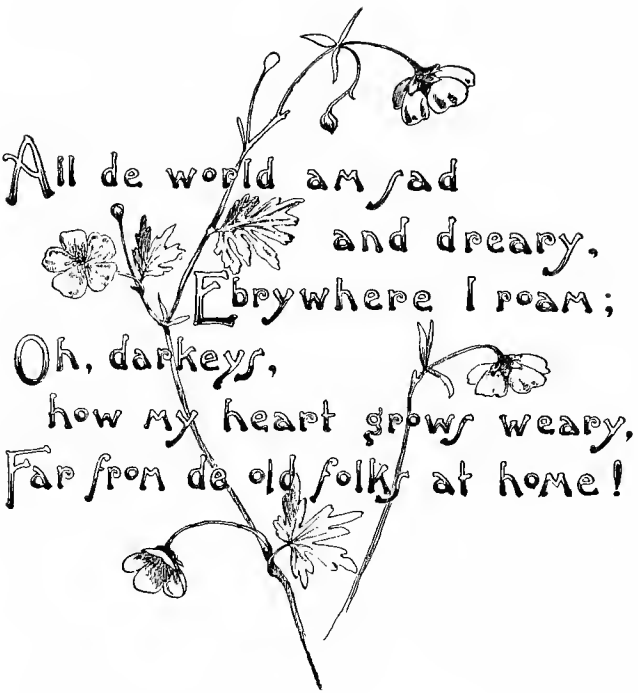
Dare's wha my heart
is turning ebber,
Dare's wha de old folks stay.

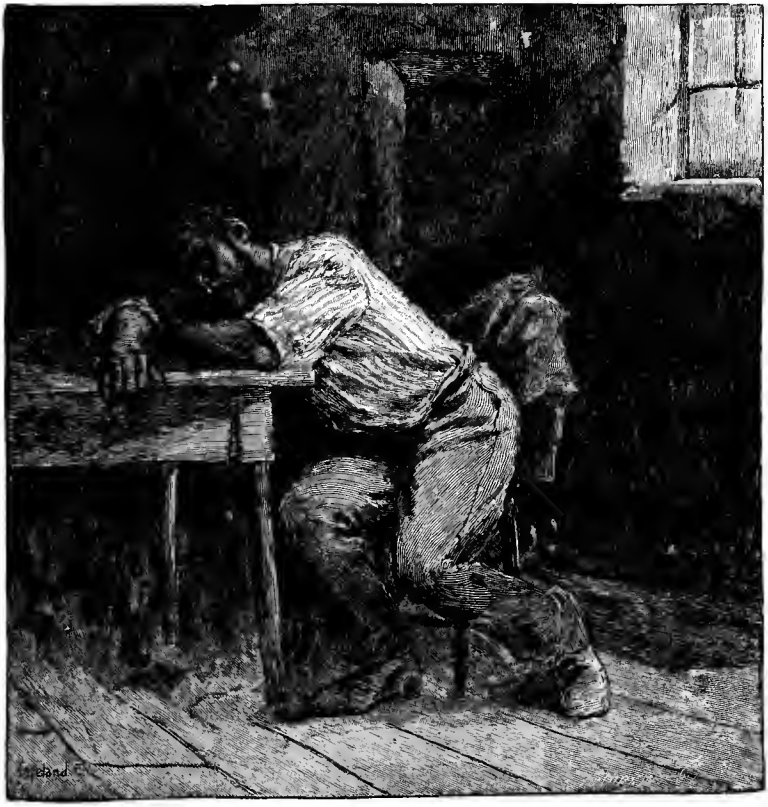
Copeland '87

All up and down
de whole creation
Sadly I roam,

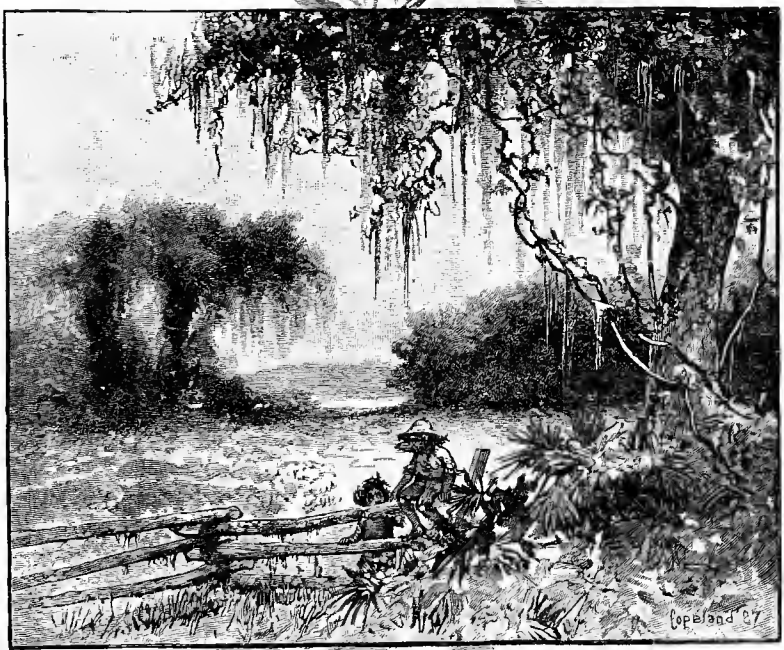


Still longing for de old
plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

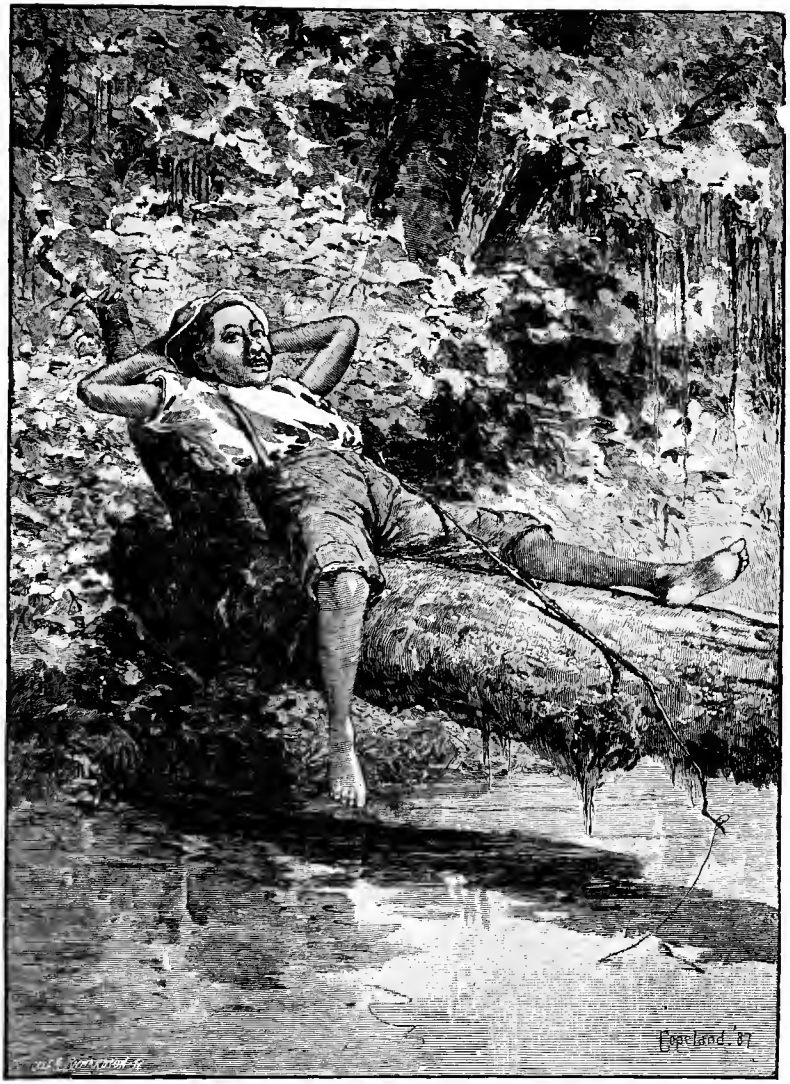

All de world am sad
and dreary,
Ebrywhere I roam;
Oh, darkeys,
how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home!



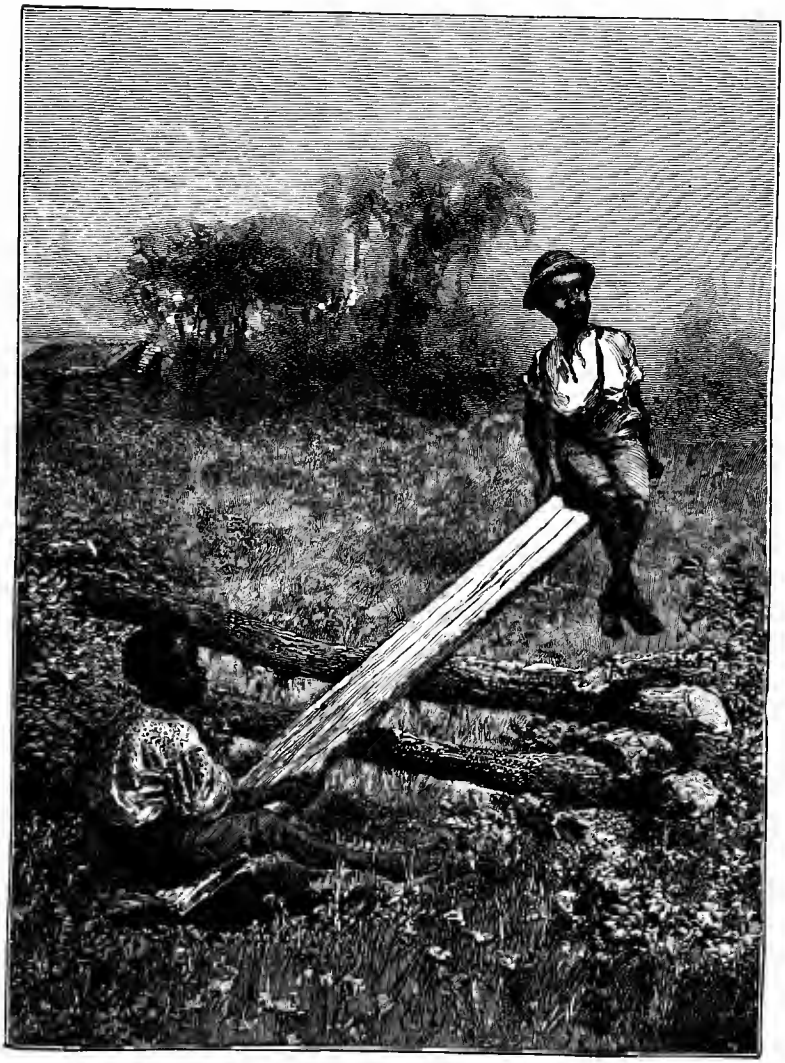
All round de little farm I wander'd
When I was young;


Copeland '87

Den many happy days
I squander'd,
Many de songs I sung

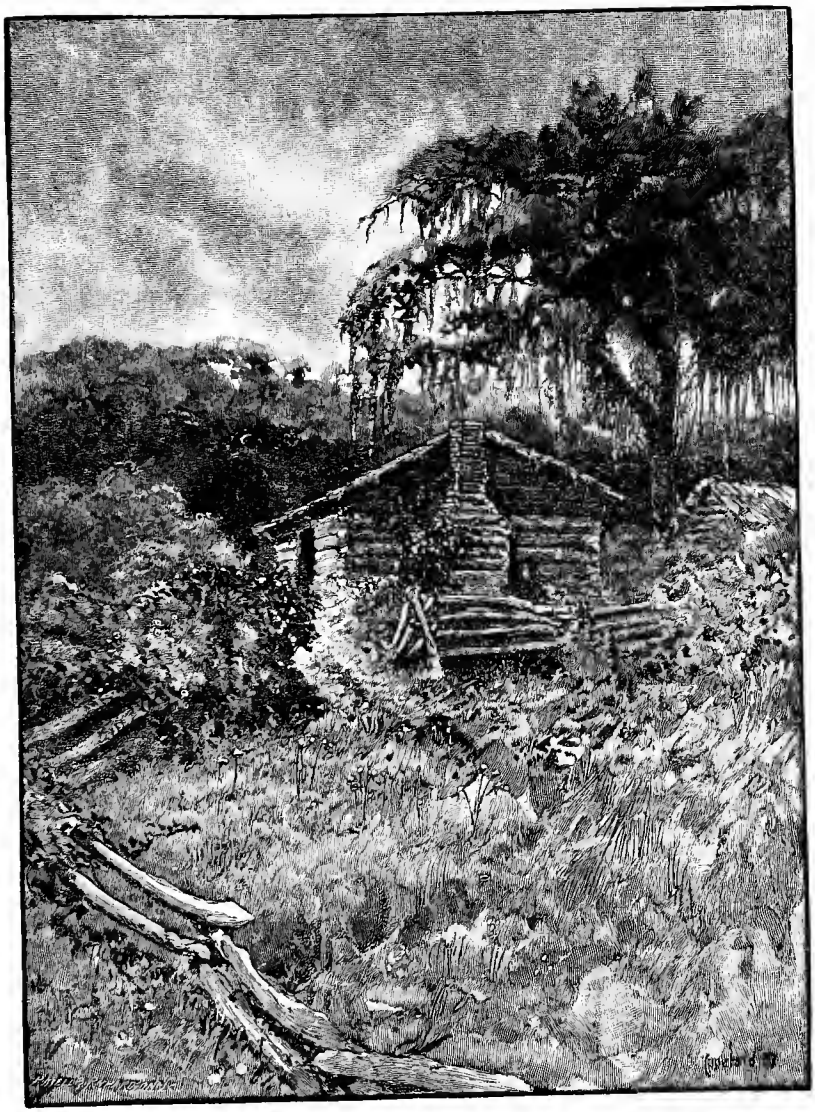

Copeland '87

When I was playing
wid my brudder,
Happy was I;

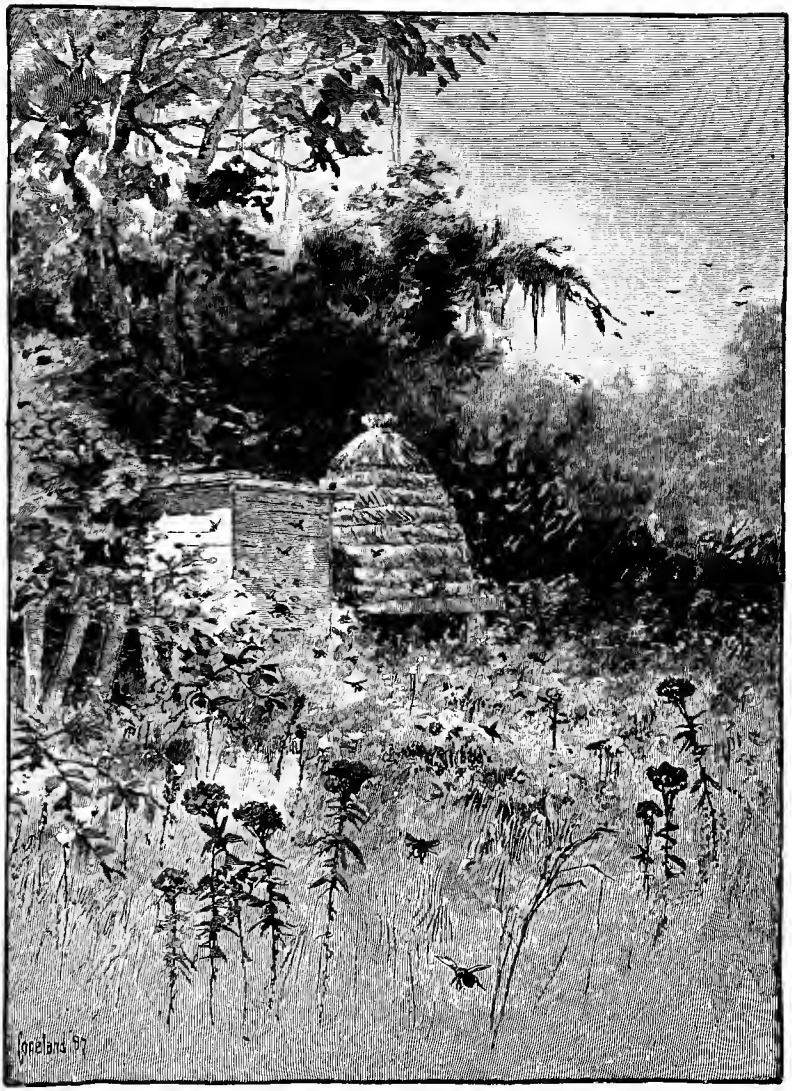


Oh, take me to my
kind old mudder!
Dere let me live and die.

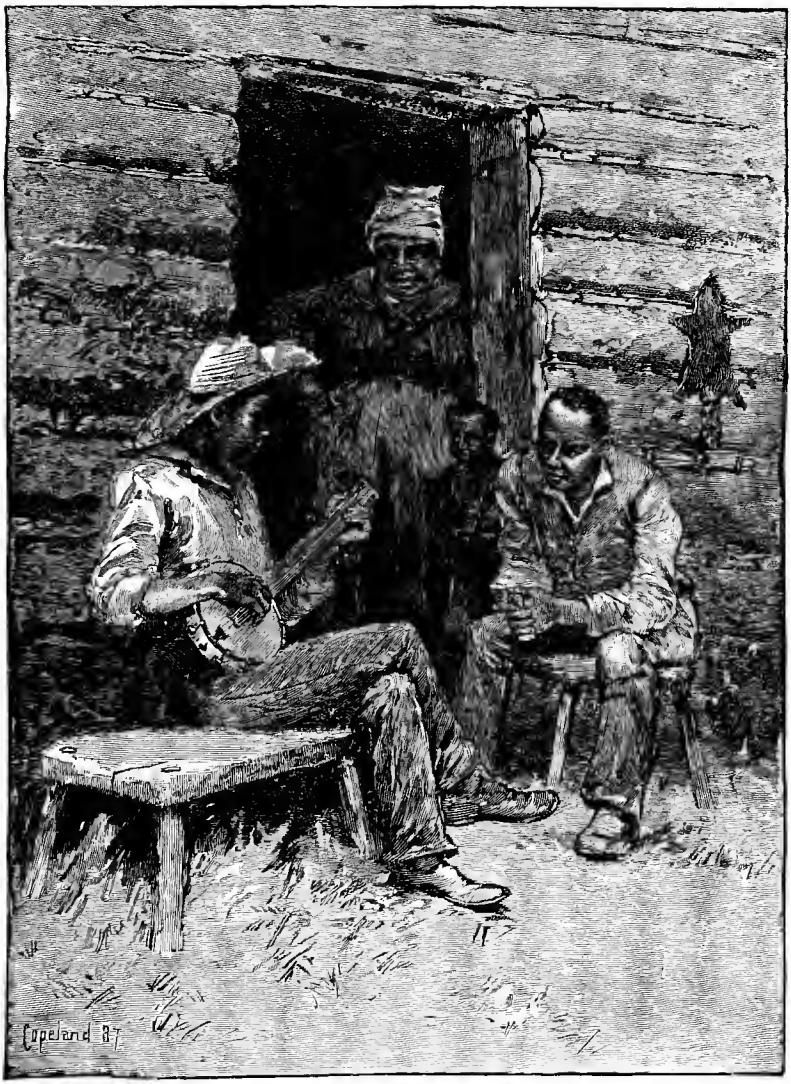
One little hut among de bushes,
One dat I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.

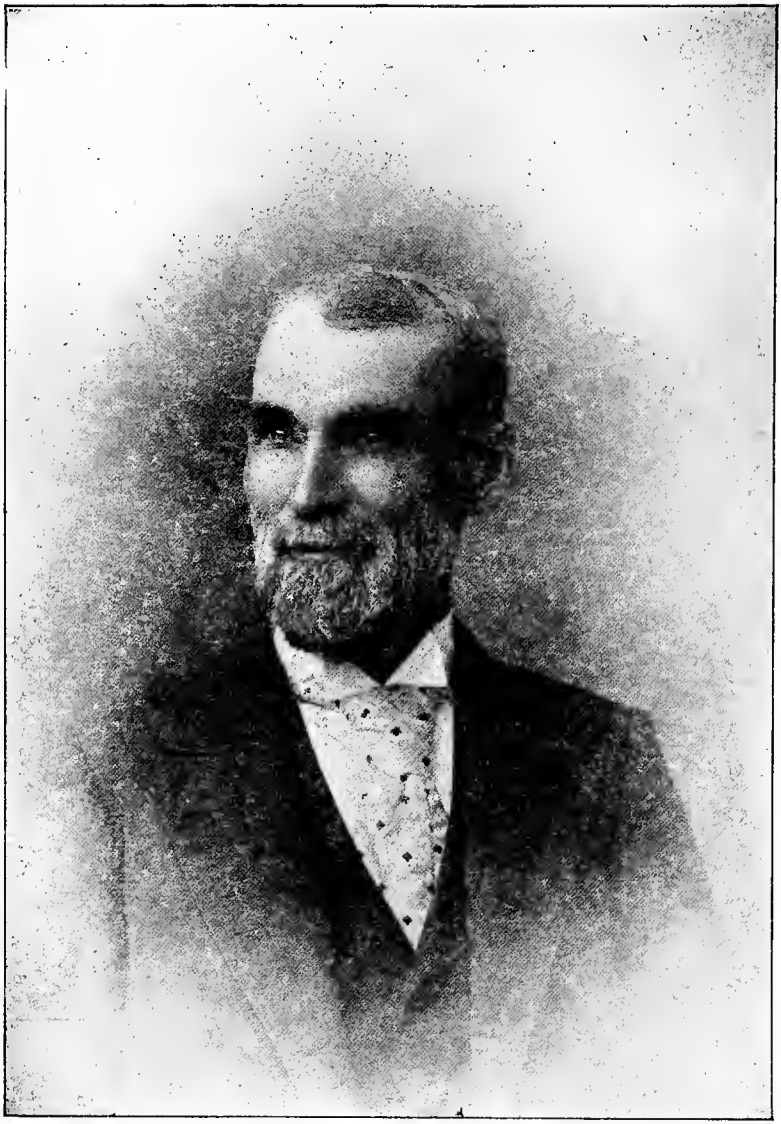


When will I see de bees
a-humming
All round de comb?


Copeland '97

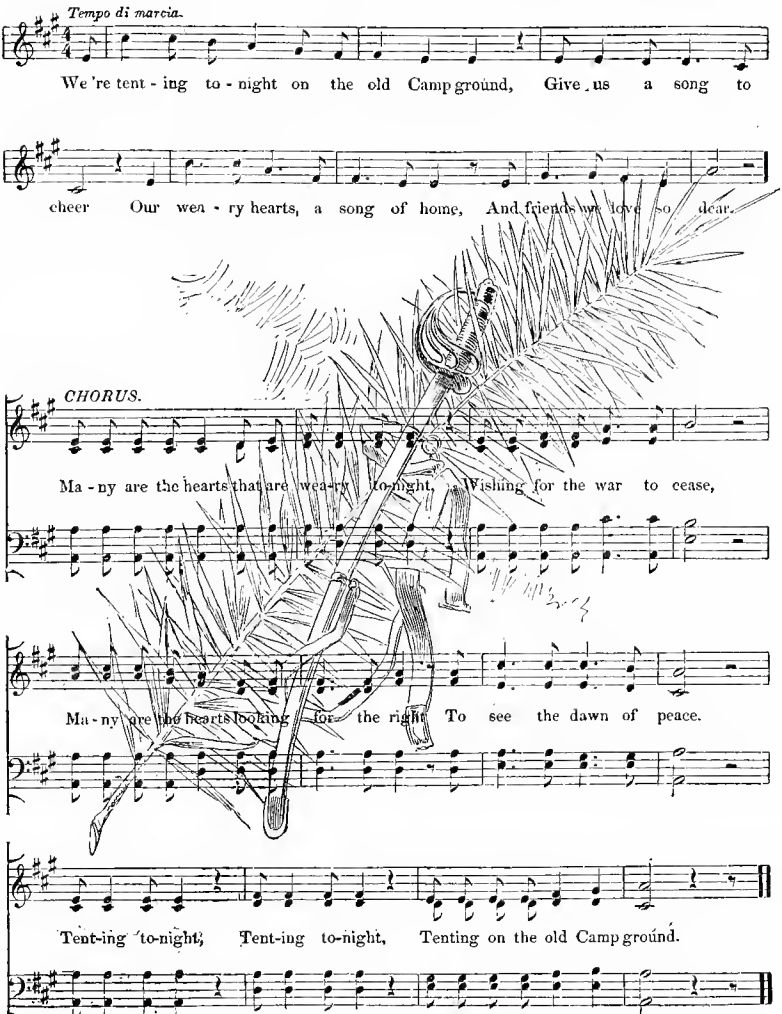
When will I hear
de banjo tumming,
Down in my good old home!


Copeland 87



"Tenting on the Old Camp Ground"

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.


Tempo di marcia.
We're tent - ing to - night on the old Camp ground, Give us a song to
cheer Our wea - ry hearts, a song of home, And friends we love so dear.
CHORUS.
Ma - ny are the hearts that are wea-ry to-night, Wishing for the war to cease,
Ma - ny are the hearts looking for the right To see the dawn of peace.
Tent-ing to-night, Tent-ing to-night, Tenting on the old Camp ground.

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TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

WE 'RE tenting to-night on the old Camp ground;
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, — a song of home,
And friends we love so dear.

CHORUS.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right
To see the dawn of peace.
Tenting to-night,
Tenting to-night,
Tenting on the old Camp ground.

We 've been tenting to-night on the old Camp ground,
Thinking of days gone by,
Of the lov'd ones at home that gave us the hand,
And the tear that said, "Good bye!" CHORUS.

We are tired of war on the old Camp ground:
Many are dead and gone
Of the brave and true who 've left their homes;
Others have been wounded long. CHORUS.

We 've been fighting to-day on the old Camp ground,
Many are lying near;
Some are dead, and some are dying,
Many are in tears.

CHORUS.

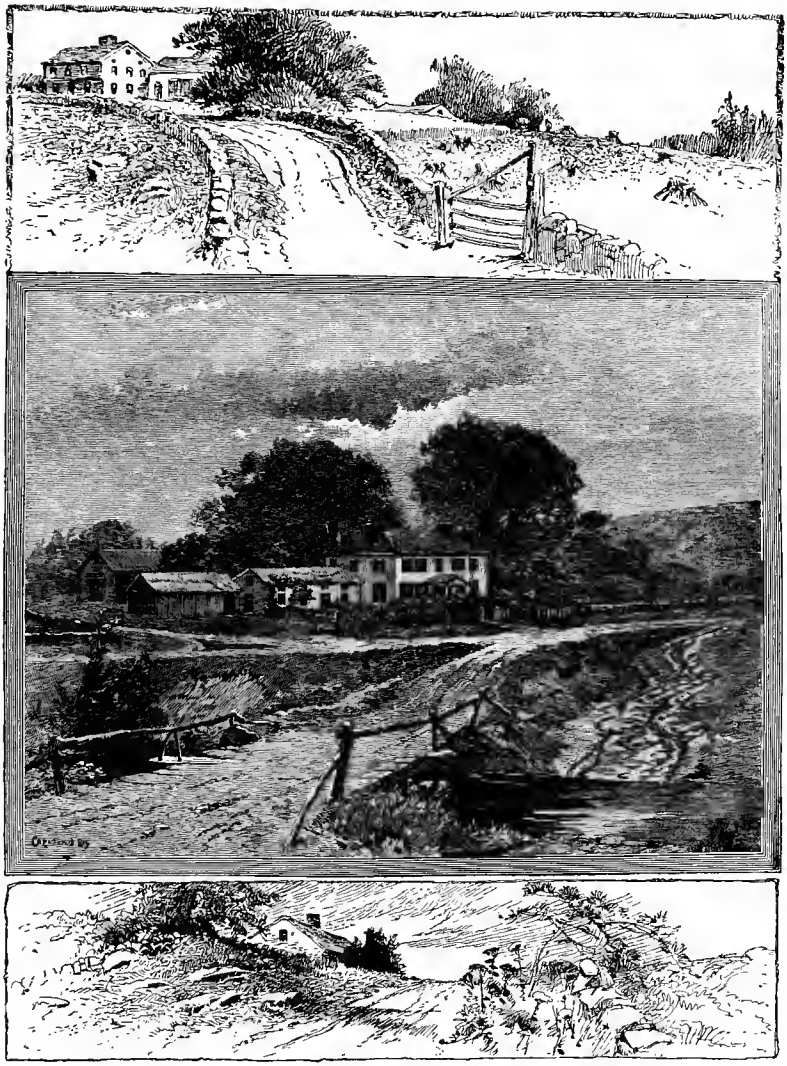
Many are the hearts that are weary to-night
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right
To see the dawn of peace.
Dying to-night,
Dying to-night,
Dying on the old Camp ground.

We're tenting tonight
on the old Camp ground,

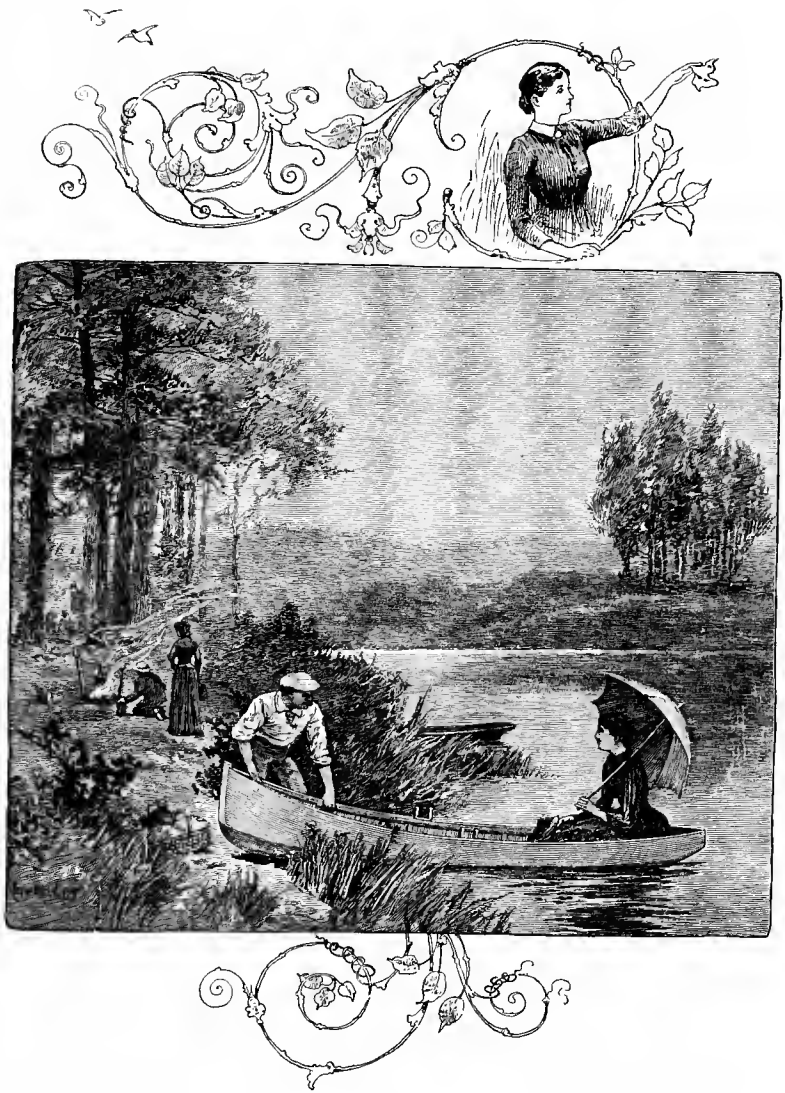
Copeland 89

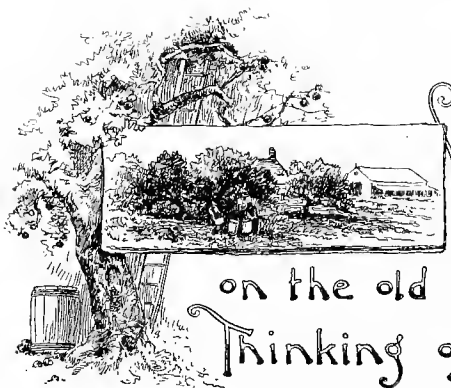
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts,

A song of home.



And friends
we love so dear.



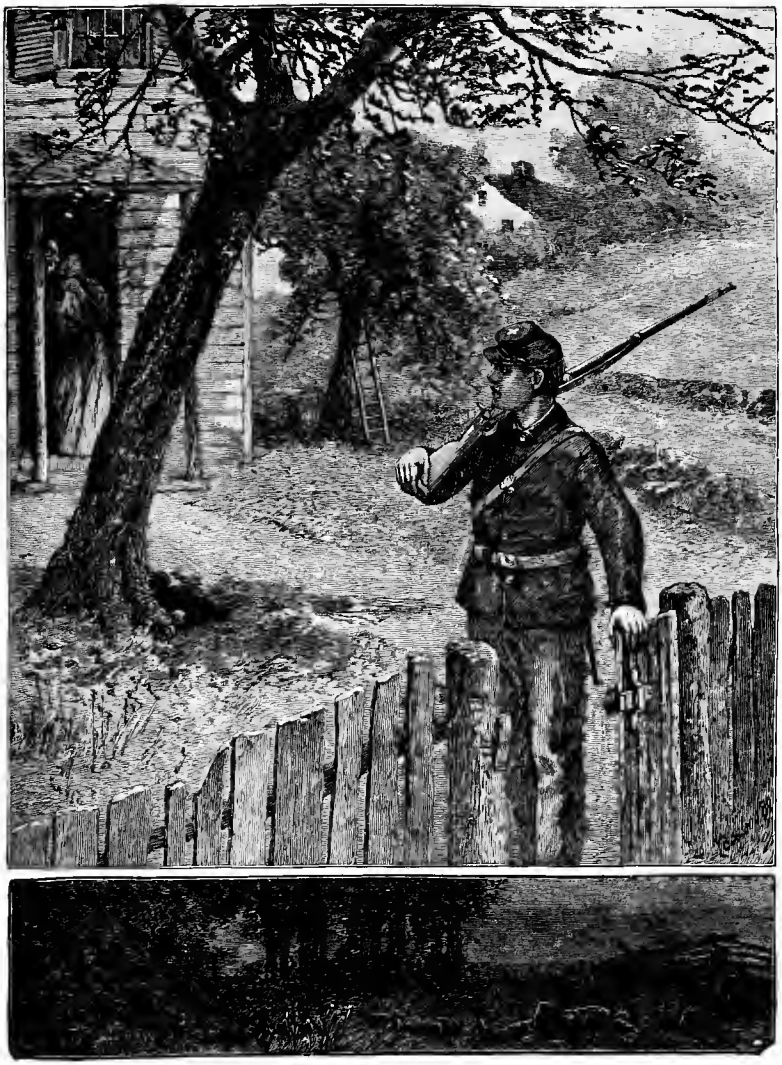


We've been
tenting to-night
on the old Camp ground,
Thinking of days
gone by.

Of the lov'd ones
at home
that gave us
the hand,

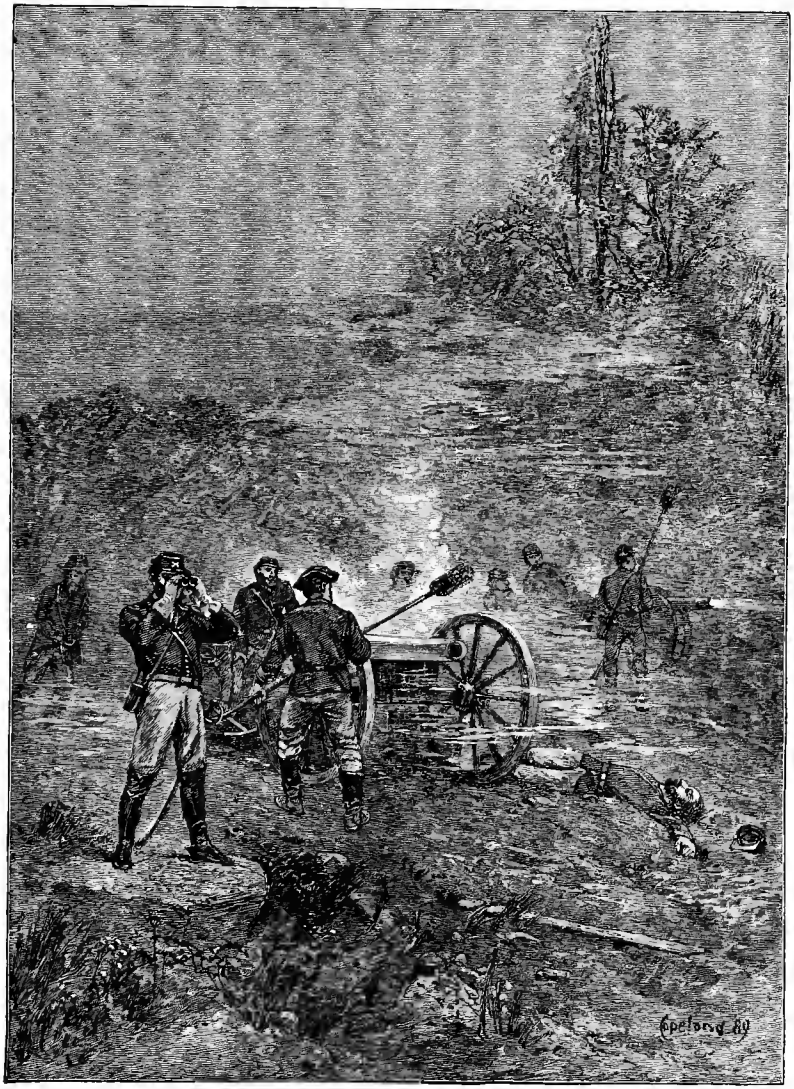
And the tear
that said "Good bye!"

We are tired of war
on the old Camp ground,
Many are dead and gone,
Of the brave and true
who've left their homes.



Others
have been wounded
long.

We've been fighting today
on the old Camp ground,
Many are lying near;

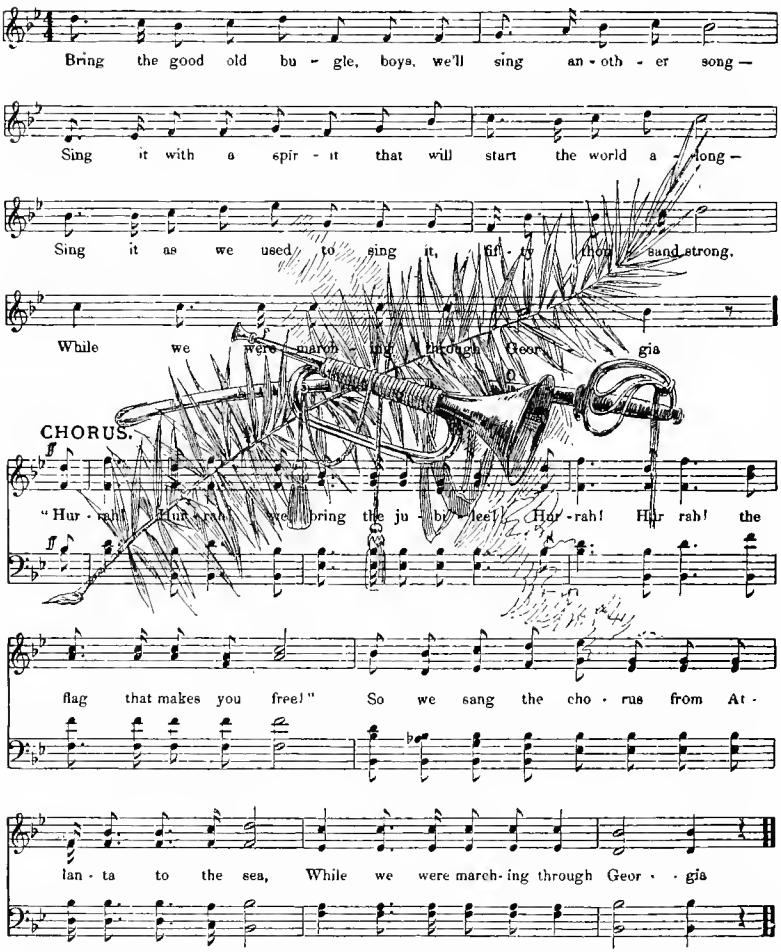


Some are dead, and some
are dying,
Many are in tears.

W. T. Sherman

MARCHING
THROUGH GEORGIA

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.


Bring the good old bu - gle, boys, we'll sing an - oth - er song —
Sing it with a spir - it that will start the world a - long —
Sing it as we used to sing it, fif - ty thou - sand strong,
While we were march - ing through Geor - gia
CHORUS.
"Hur - rah! Hur - rah! we bring the ju - bi - lee! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! the
flag that makes you free!" So we sang the cho - rus from At -
lan - ta to the sea, While we were march - ing through Geor - gia

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MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

WRITTEN IN HONOR OF SHERMAN'S FAMOUS MARCH FROM "ATLANTA TO THE SEA."

BRING the good old bugle, boys, we 'll sing another song—
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along—
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the jubilee!
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes you free!"
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

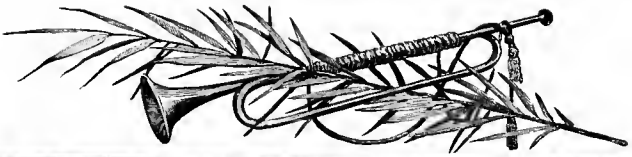
How the darkeys shouted when they heard the joyful sound!
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found!
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,
While we were marching through Georgia. CHORUS.

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears,
When they saw the honor'd flag they had not seen for years;
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers,
While we were marching through Georgia. CHORUS.

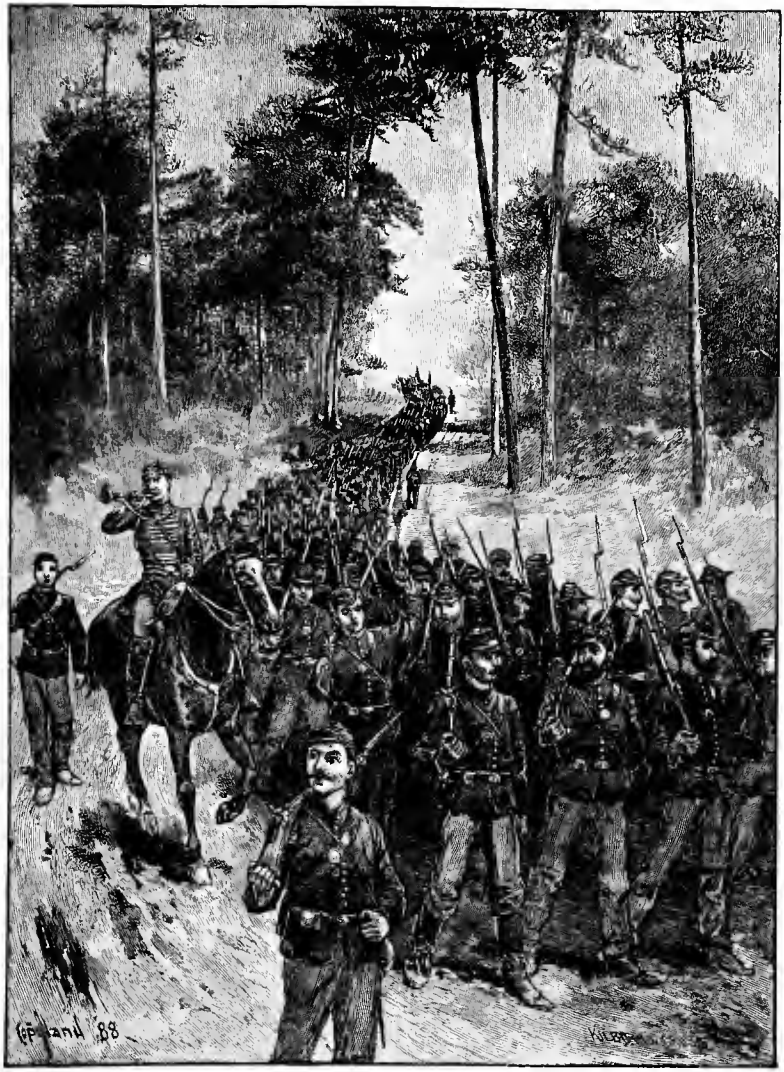
"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast!"
So the saucy rebels said, and 't was a handsome boast;
Had they not forgot, alas! to reckon with the host,
While we were marching through Georgia. CHORUS.

So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train,—
Sixty miles in latitude, three hundred to the main;
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
While we were marching through Georgia. CHORUS.

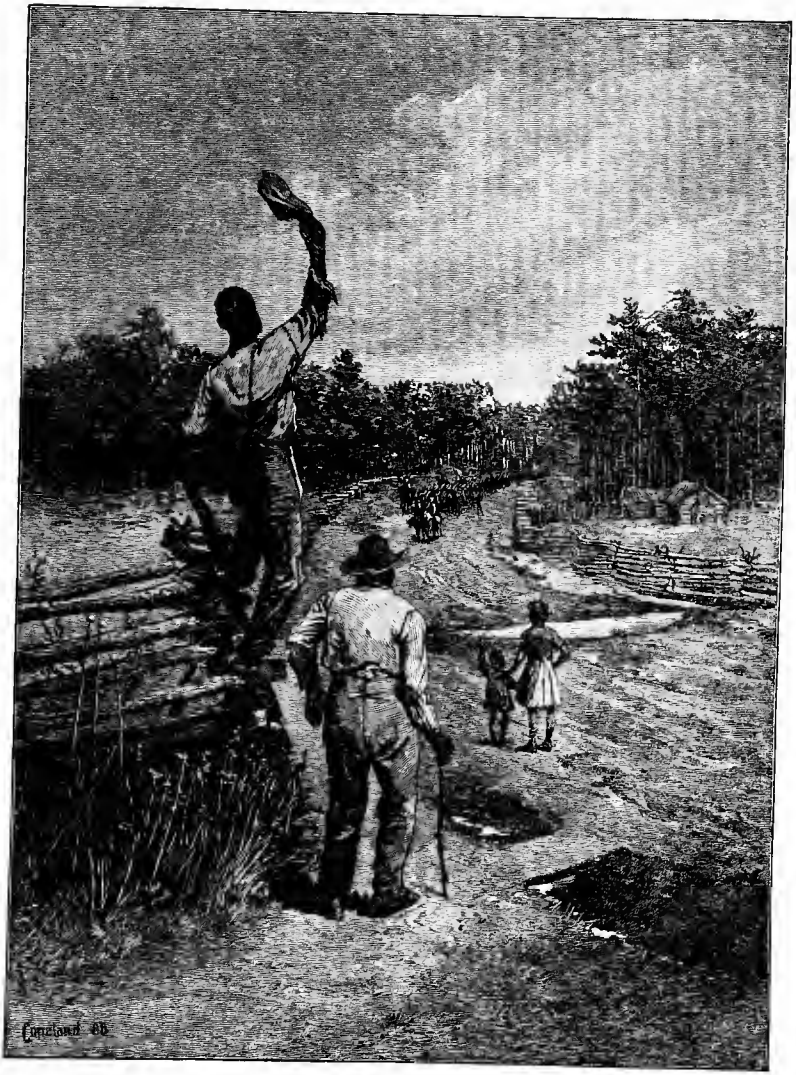
Bring the good old bugle boys,
We'll sing another song—
Sing it with a spirit that will
start the world along-



Sing it as we used to sing it,
Fifty thousand strong,
While we were
Marching through Georgia.



How the darkeys shouted
When they heard the joyful sound!



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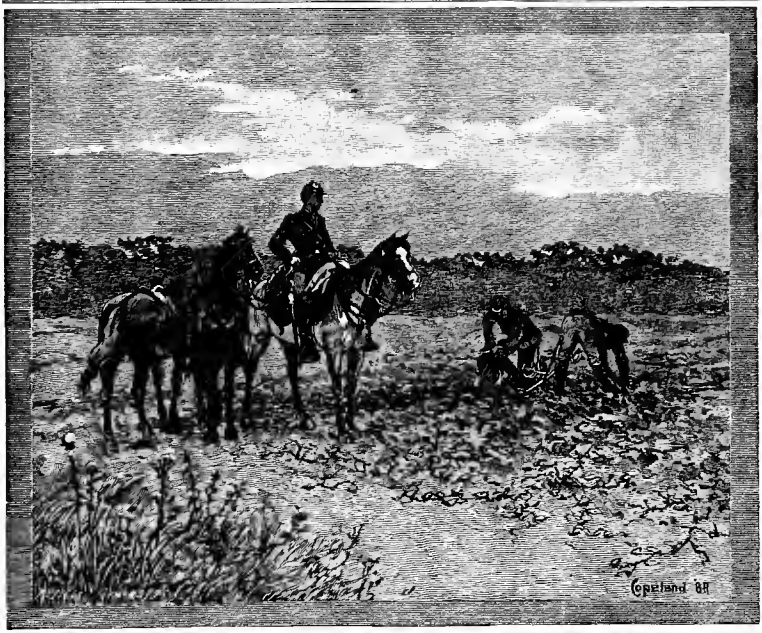
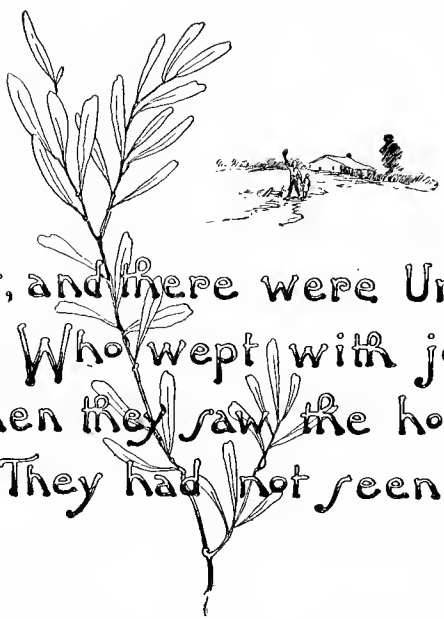
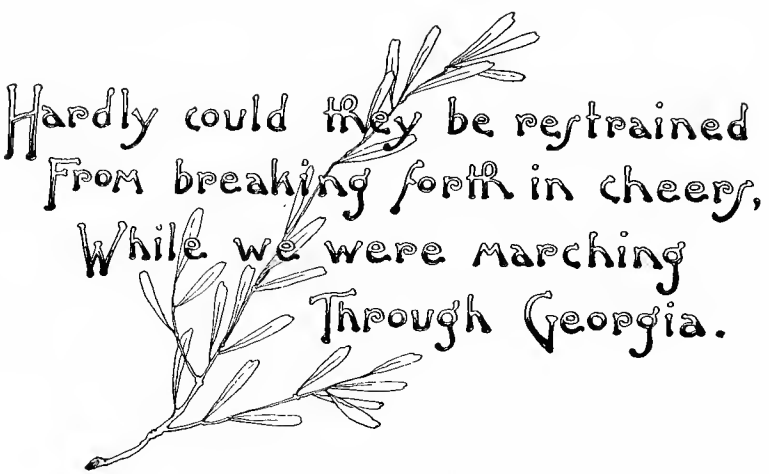

Copeland 88



Yes, and there were Union men
Who wept with joyful tears,
When they saw the honor'd flag
They had not seen for years;

Copeland 88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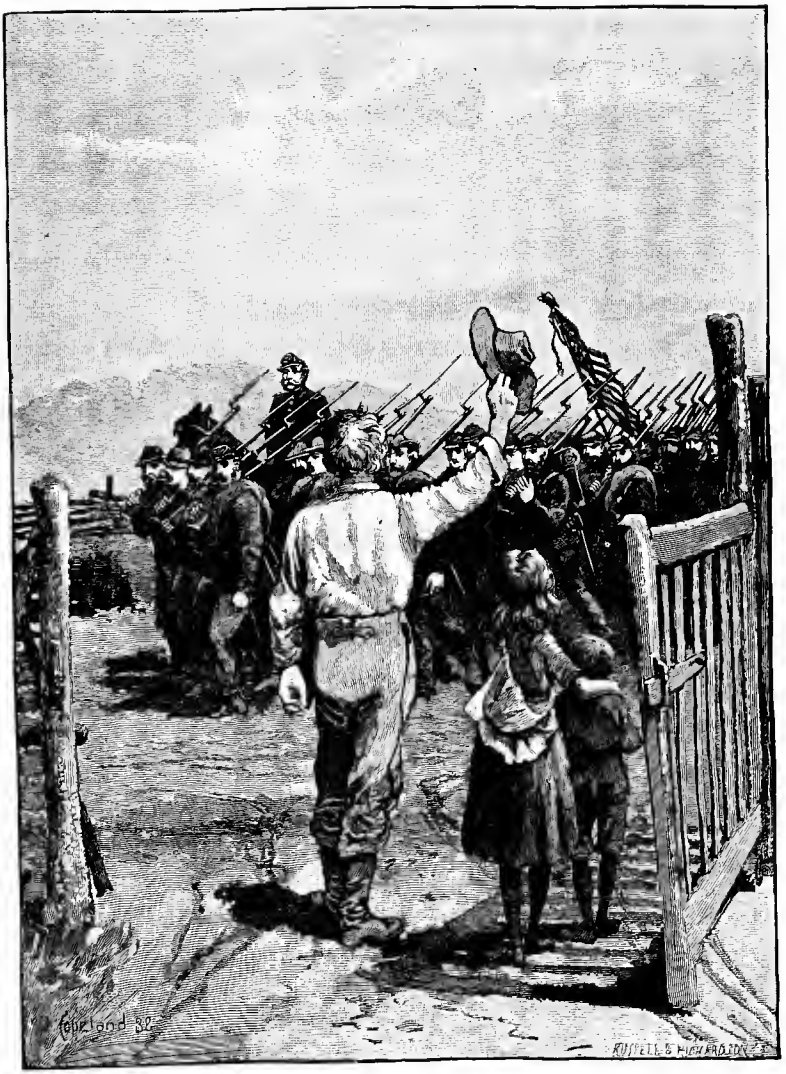
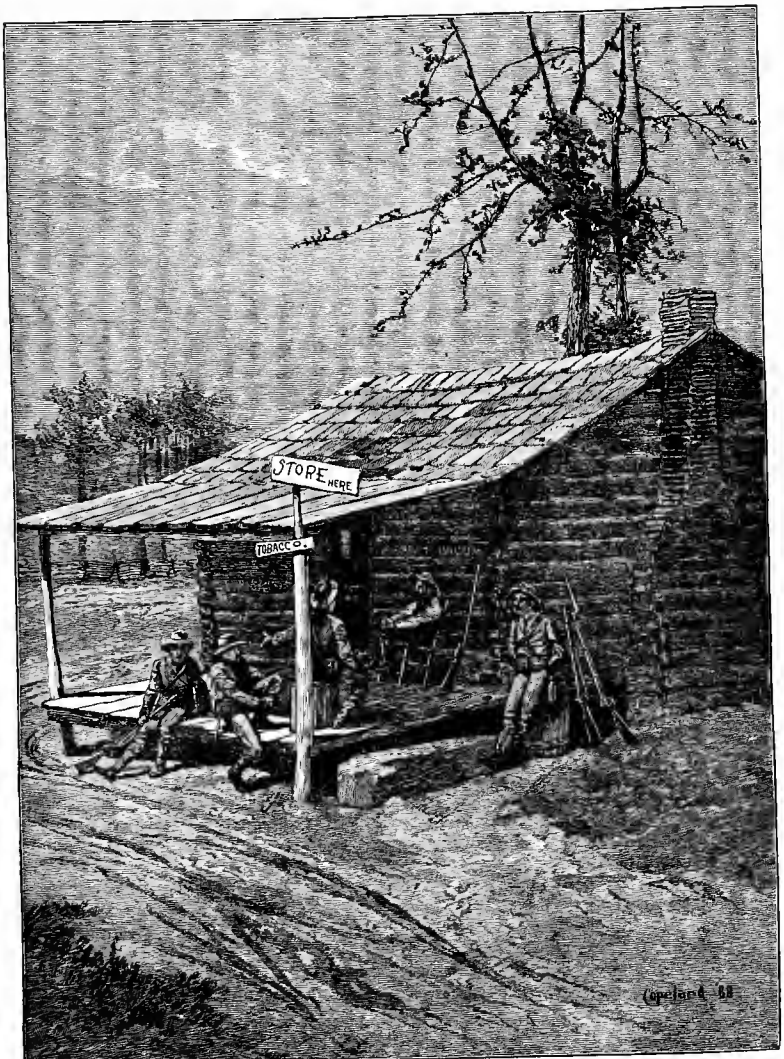
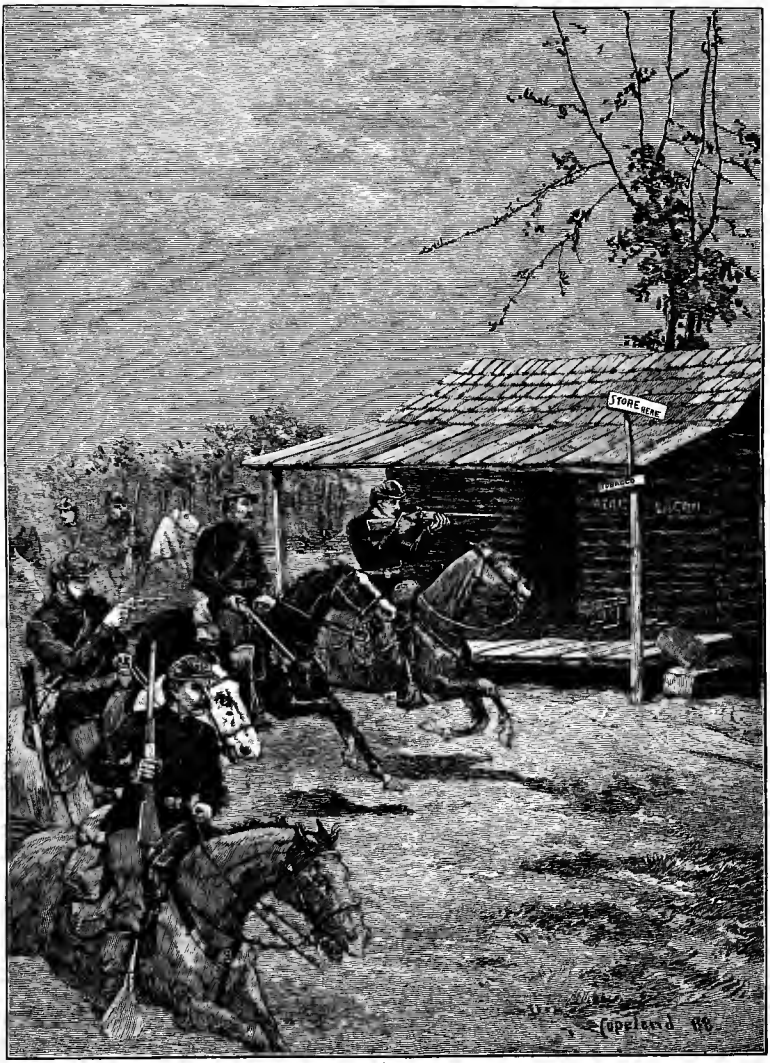

Fairland &c.
RUSSELL & MORGAN PRINT

"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys
Will never reach the coast!"
So the saucy Rebels said,
And 'twas a handsome boast;—


STORE HERE
TOBACCO.

Had they not forgot, alas!
To reckon with the host,
While we were marching
through Georgia.


STORE HERE

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a thoroughfare
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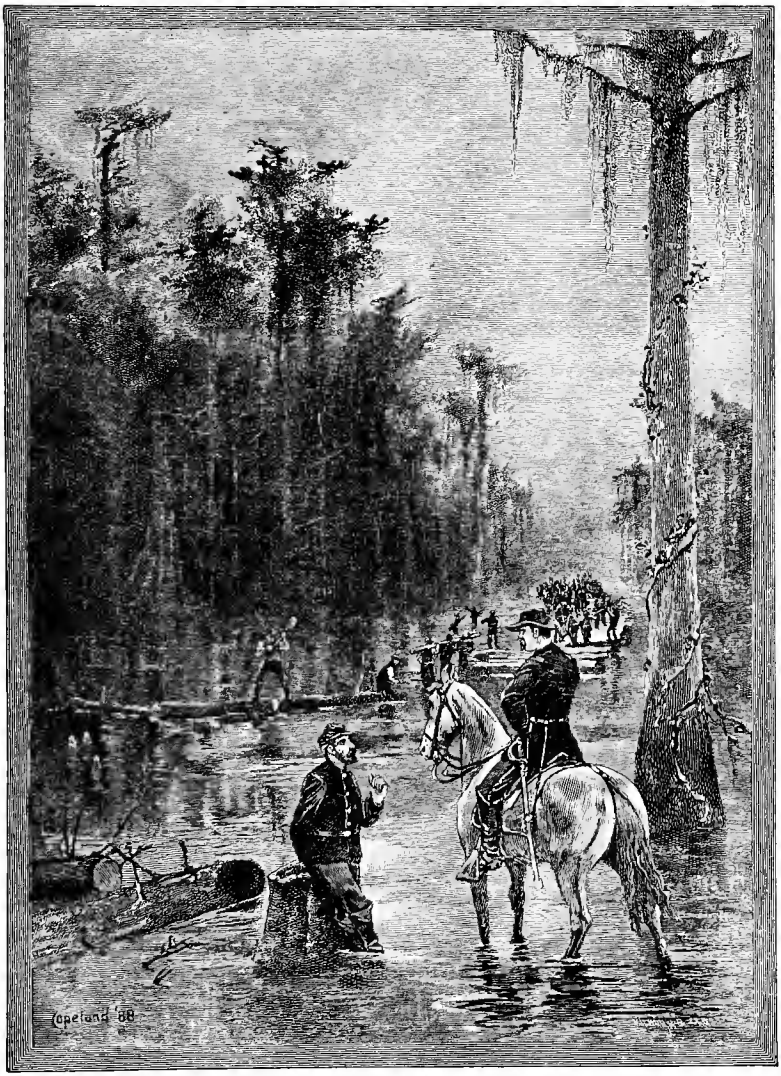
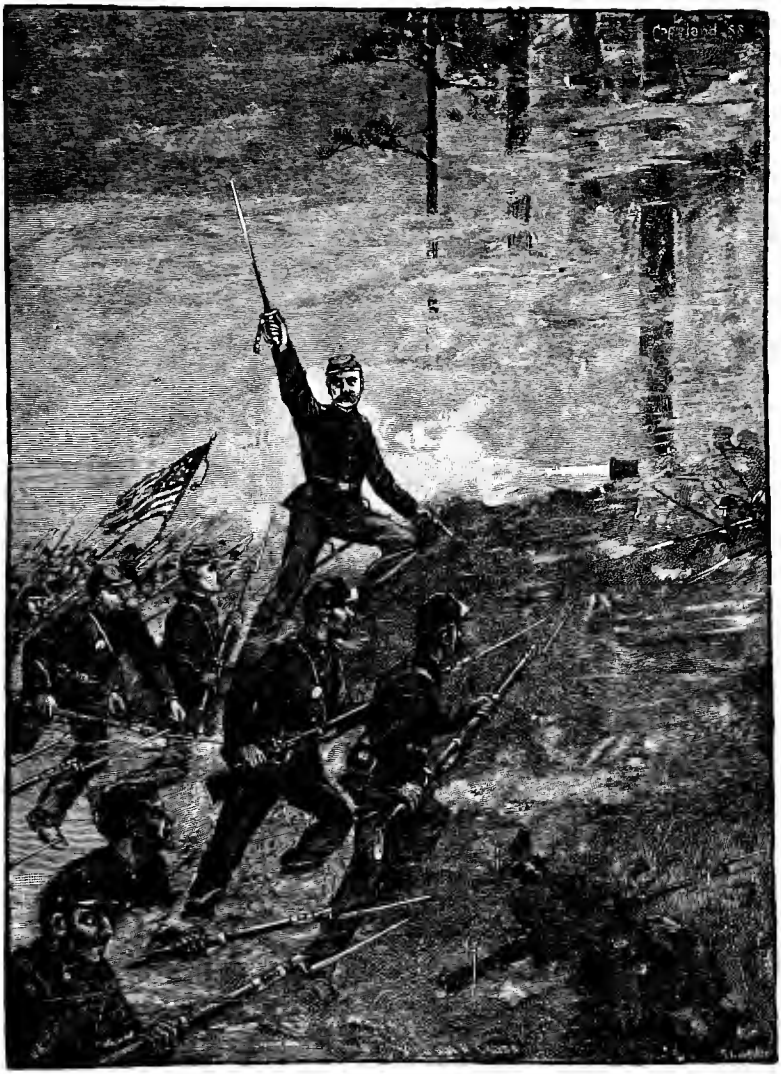
Sixty miles in latitude
Three hundred to the main;


Copeland '88

Treason fled before us,
For resistance was in vain,
While we were marching
Through Georgia.



"Hurrah! Hurrah!
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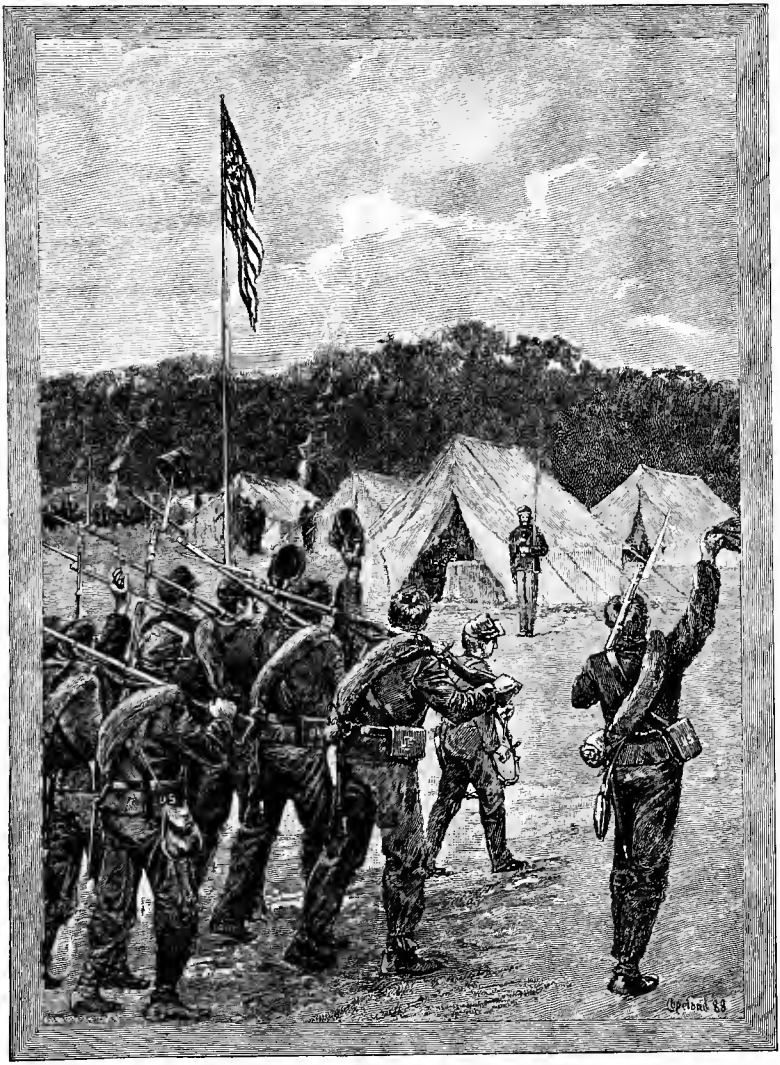
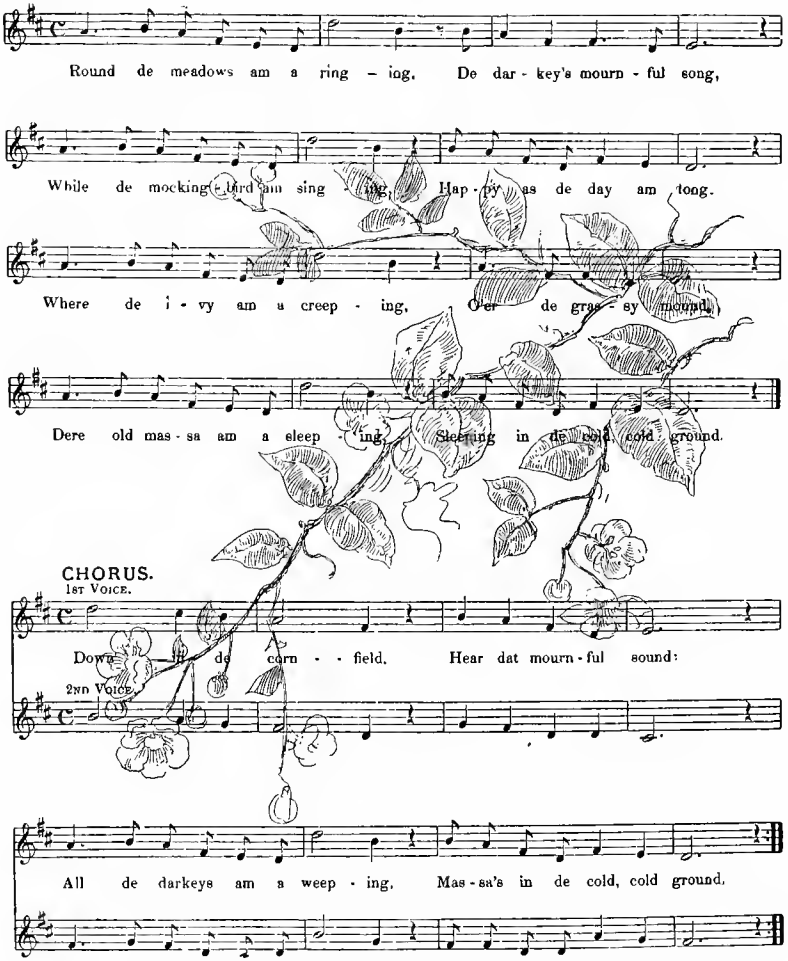
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The flag that makes you free!"
So we sang the chorus
From Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching
Through Georgia.



MASSA'S
IN THE
COLD, COLD GROUND

MASSA'S IN THE COLD, COLD GROUND.


Round de meadows am a ring - ing, De dar - key's mourn - ful song,
While de mocking - bird am sing - ing, Hap - py as de day am long.
Where de i - vy am a creep - ing, O'er de grass - y mound,
Dere old mas - sa am a sleep - ing, Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.
CHORUS.
1st Voice.
Down - de corn - - field. Hear dat mourn - ful sound:
2nd Voice.
All de darkeys am a weep - ing, Mas - sa's in de cold, cold ground.

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MASSA'S IN DE COLD, COLD GROUND.

ROUND de meadows am a-ringing
De darkey's mournful song,
While de mocking-bird am singing,
Happy as de day am long.
Where de ivy am a-creeping
O'er de grassy mound,
Dare old massa am a-sleeping,
Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.

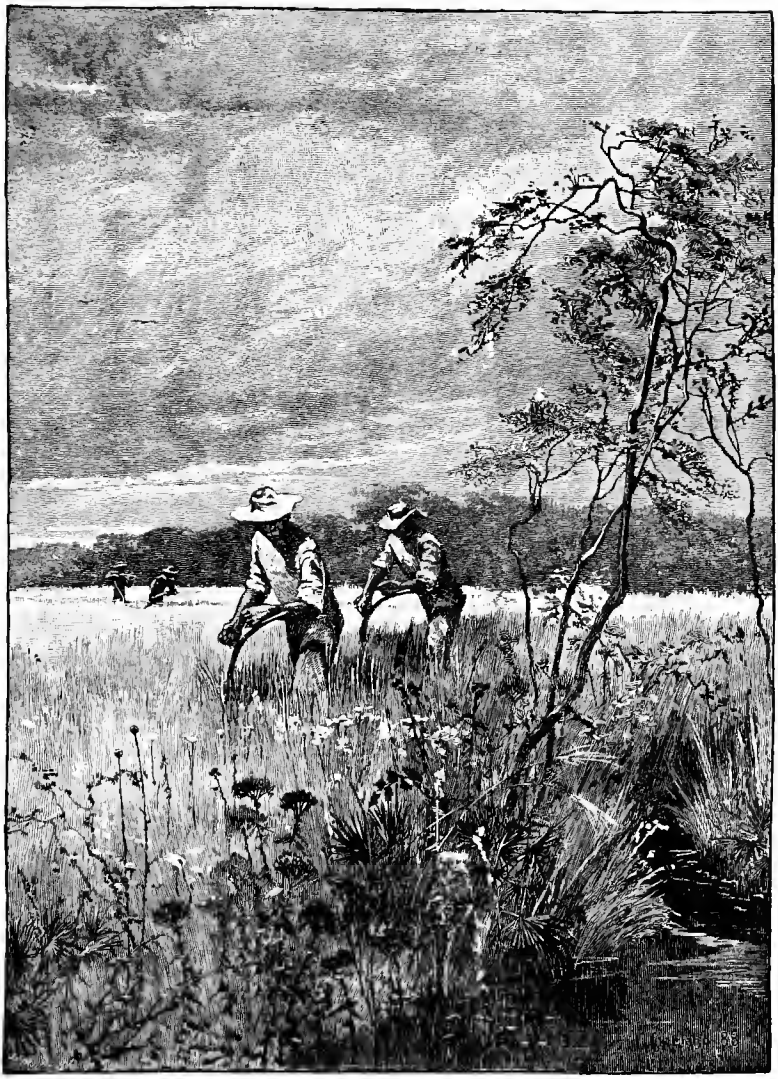
CHORUS.

Down in de cornfield
Hear dat mournful sound:
All de darkeys am a-weeping,
Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

When de autumn leaves were falling,
When de days were cold,
'T was hard to hear old massa calling,
Cayse he was so weak and old.
Now de orange-tree am blooming
On de sandy shore,
Now de summer days am coming,
Massa nebber calls no more. CHORUS

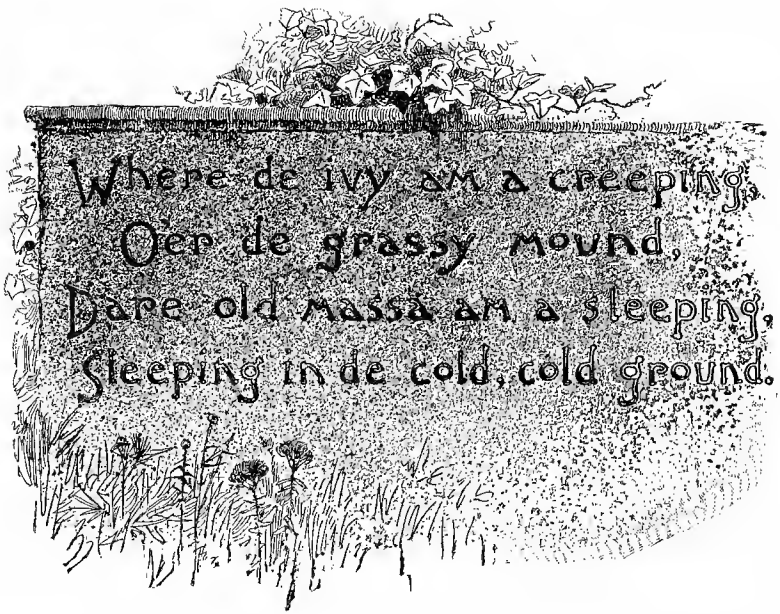
Massa make de darkeys love him,
Cayse he was so kind;
Now, dey sadly weep above him,
Mourning cayse he leave dem behind.
I cannot work before to-morrow,
Cayse de tear-drop flow,
I try to drive away my sorrow,
Pickin' on de old banjo. CHORUS

Round de meadows
am a ringing,
De darkey's mournful song,



While de mocking bird
am singing,
Happy as de day am long.

Topelmann 88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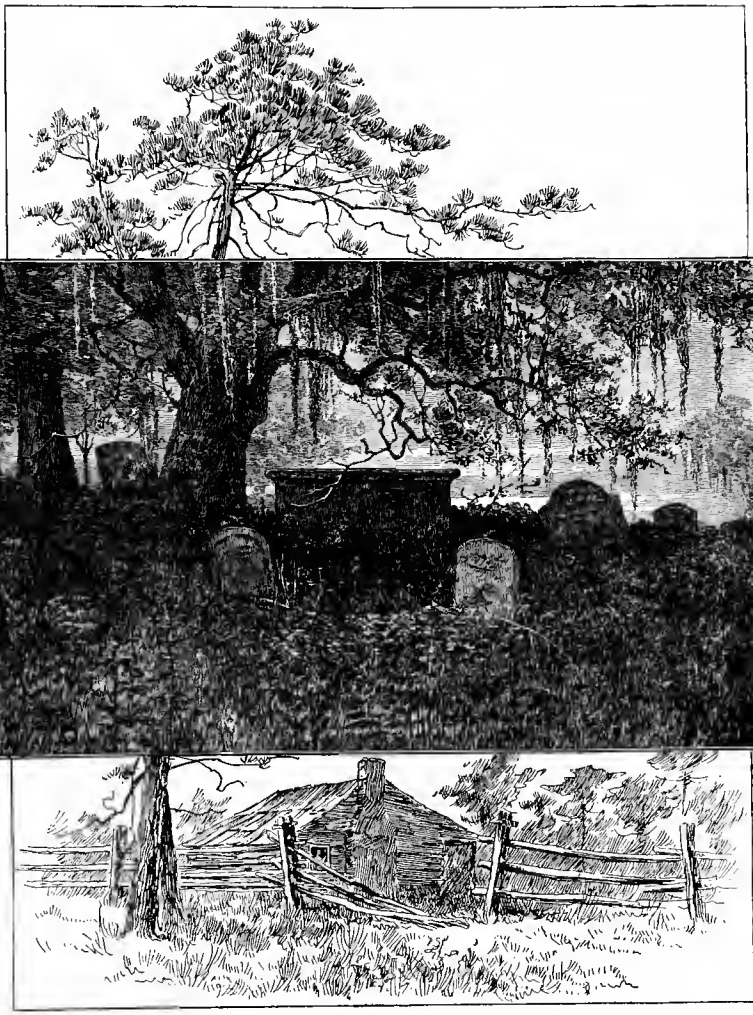
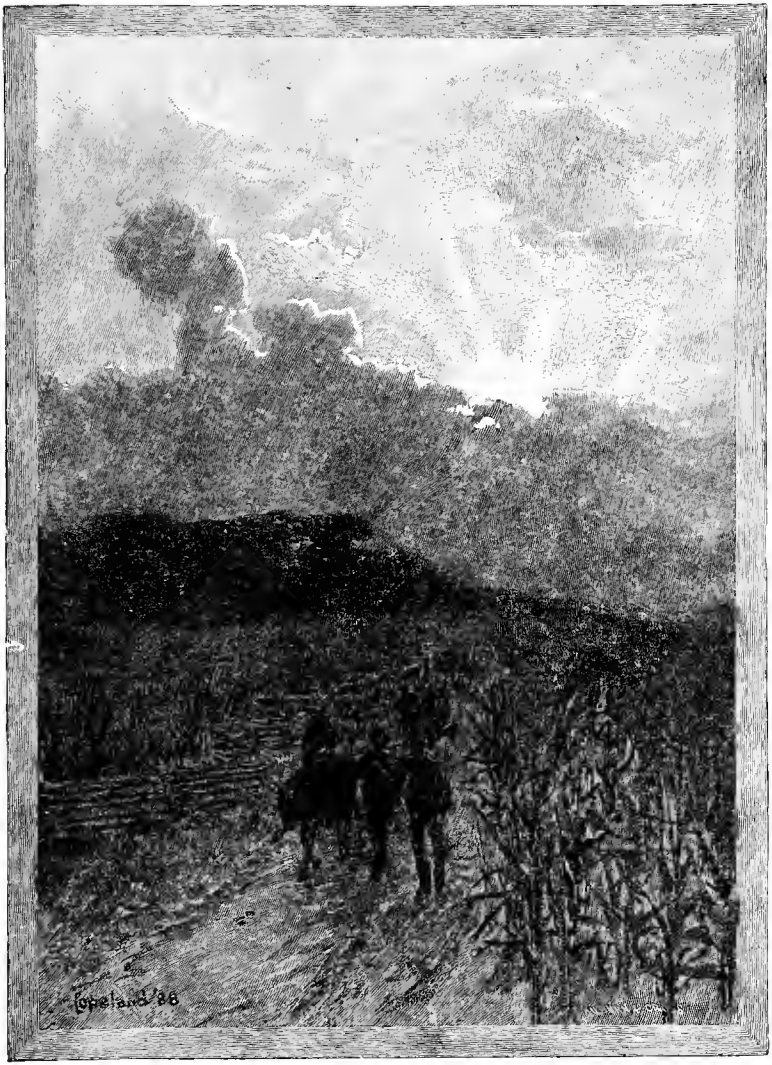
Oer de grassy mound,
Dare old Massa am a sleeping,
Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.



Down in de cornfield
Hear dat mournful sound:
All de darkeys am a-weeping,
Massa's in de cold, cold ground.


Copeland '86

When de autumn leaves
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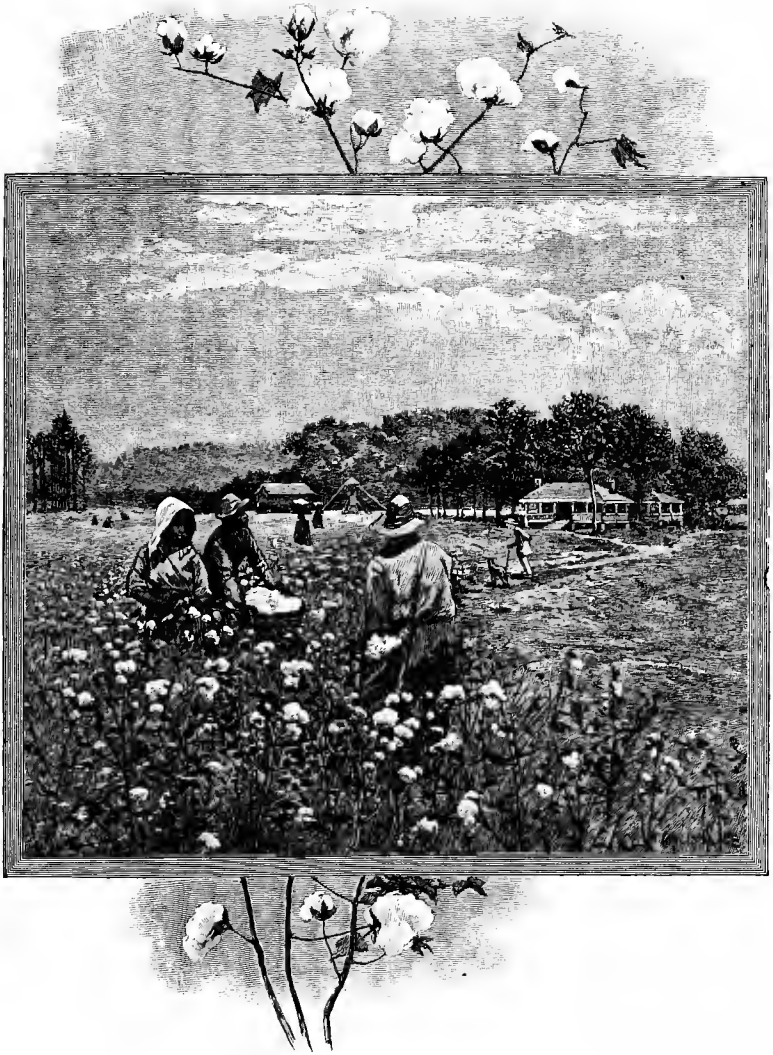
When de days
were cold,

Copeland Albany Ga. 88

'Twas hard to hear
old massa calling,
Cayse he was so weak
and old.



Now de orange-tree
am blooming
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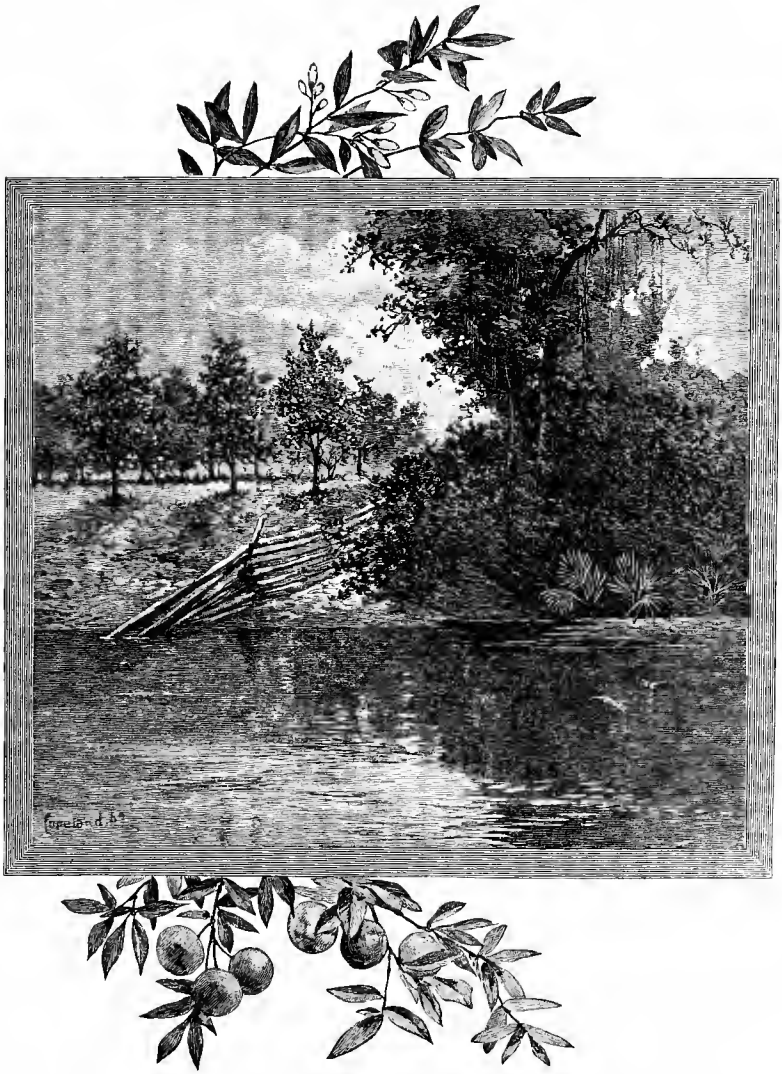

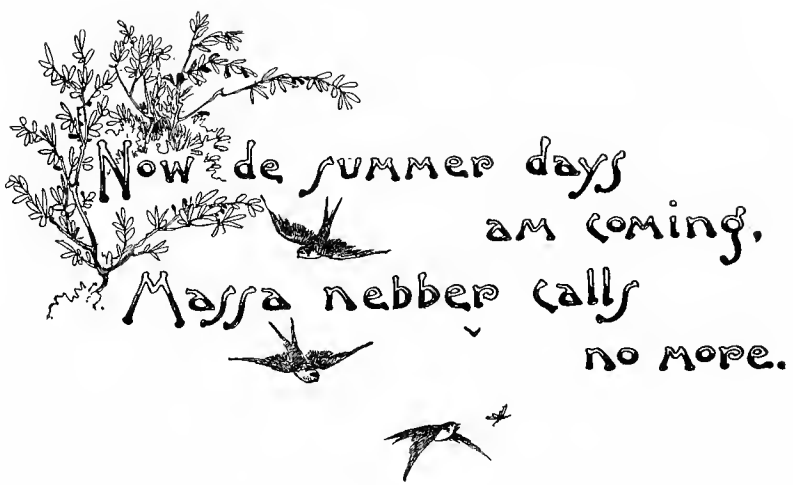
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Copeland 88

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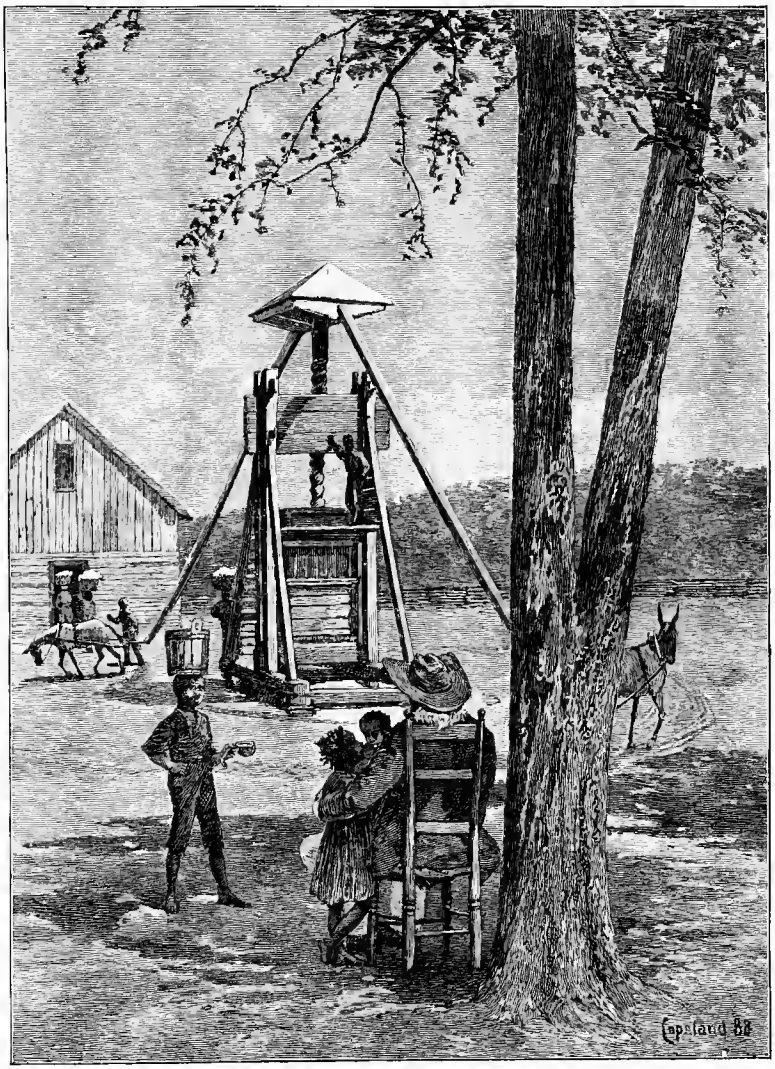
Copeland 88

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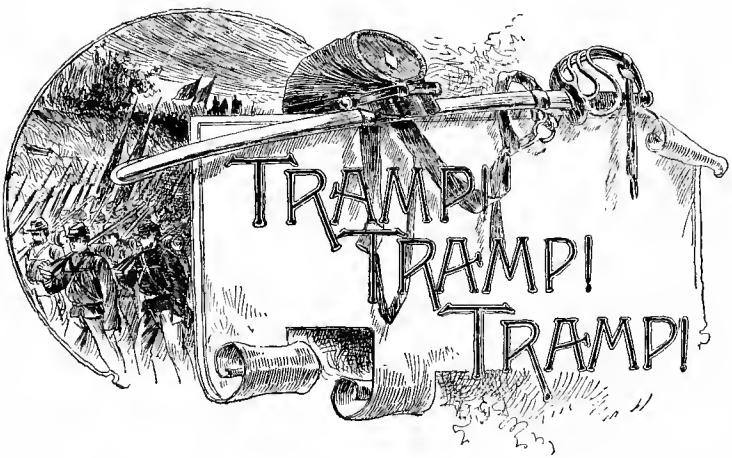
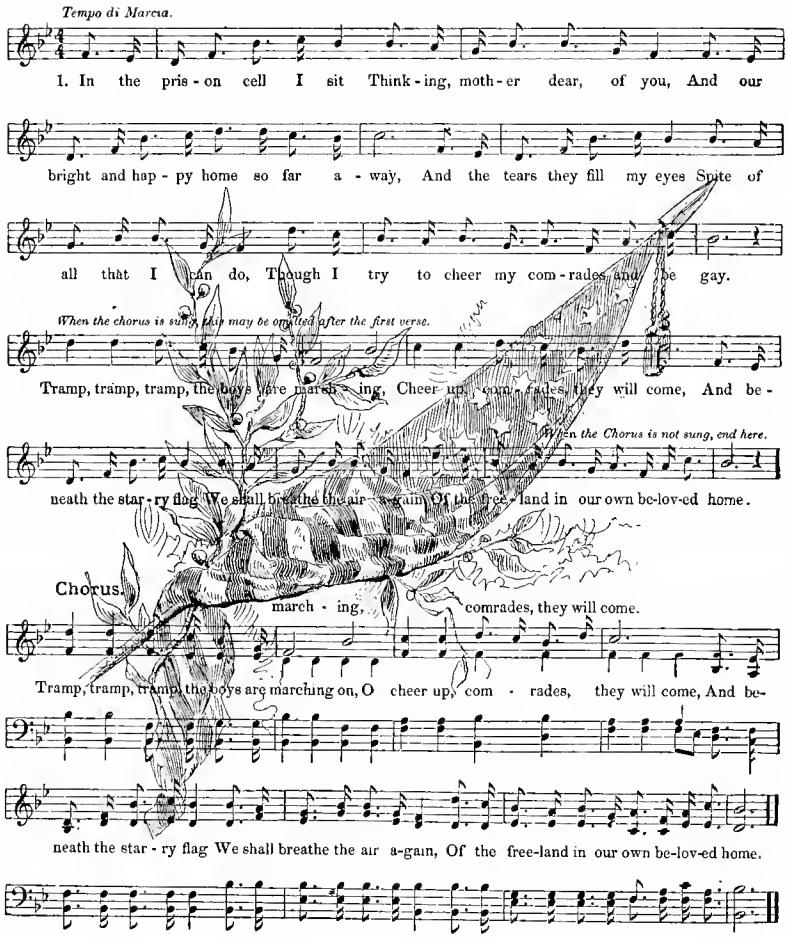

TRAMP!
TRAMP!
TRAMP!

TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!


Tempo di Marcia.
1. In the pris - on cell I sit Think - ing, moth - er dear, of you, And our
bright and hap - py home so far a - way, And the tears they fill my eyes Spite of
all that I can do, Though I try to cheer my com - rades and be gay.
When the chorus is sung, this may be omitted after the first verse.
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march - ing, Cheer up, com - rades, they will come, And be -
When the Chorus is not sung, end here.
neath the star - ry flag We shall breathe the air a - gain, Of the free - land in our own be-lov-ed home.
Chorus.
march - ing, comrades, they will come.
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching on, O cheer up, com - rades, they will come, And be-
neath the star - ry flag We shall breathe the air a-gain, Of the free-land in our own be-lov-ed home.

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TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

IN the prison cell I sit
Thinking, mother dear, of you,
And our bright and happy home so far away,
And the tears they fill my eyes,
Spite of all that I can do,
Tho' I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

CHORUS.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching'
Cheer up, comrades, they will come,
And beneath the starry flag
We shall breathe the air again
Of the free-land in our own beloved home.

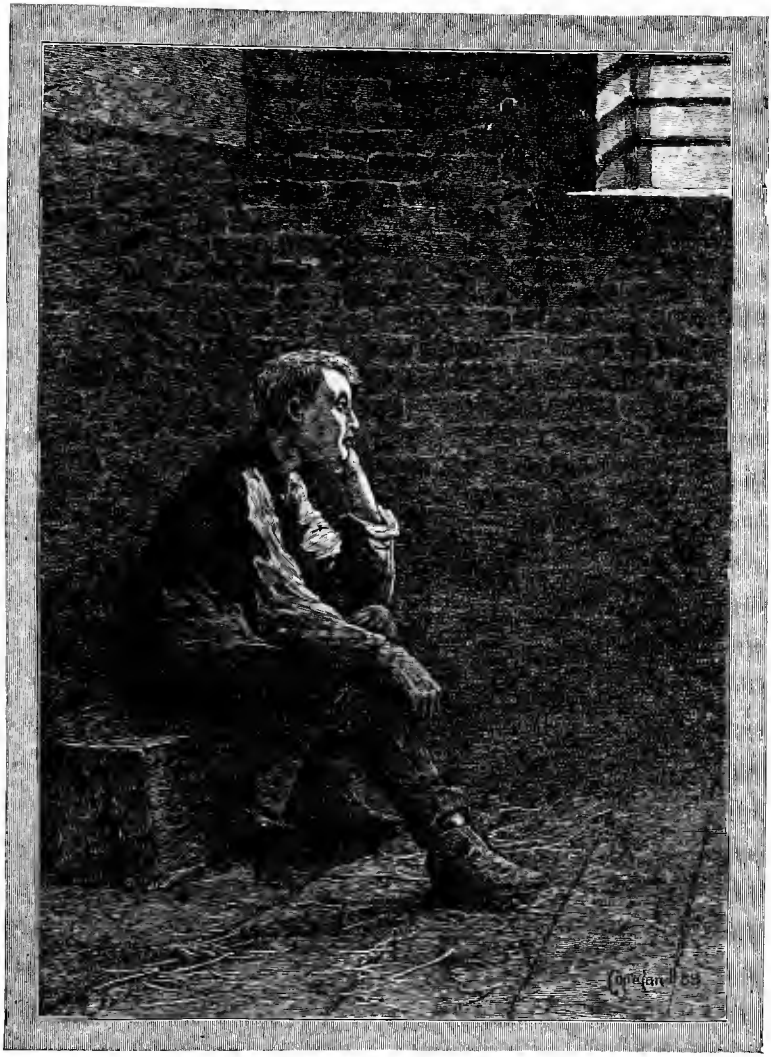
In the battle front we stood
When their fiercest charge they made,
And they swept us off a hundred men or more,
But before we reached their lines
They were beaten back dismayed,
And we heard the cry of vict'ry o'er and o'er.

CHORUS.

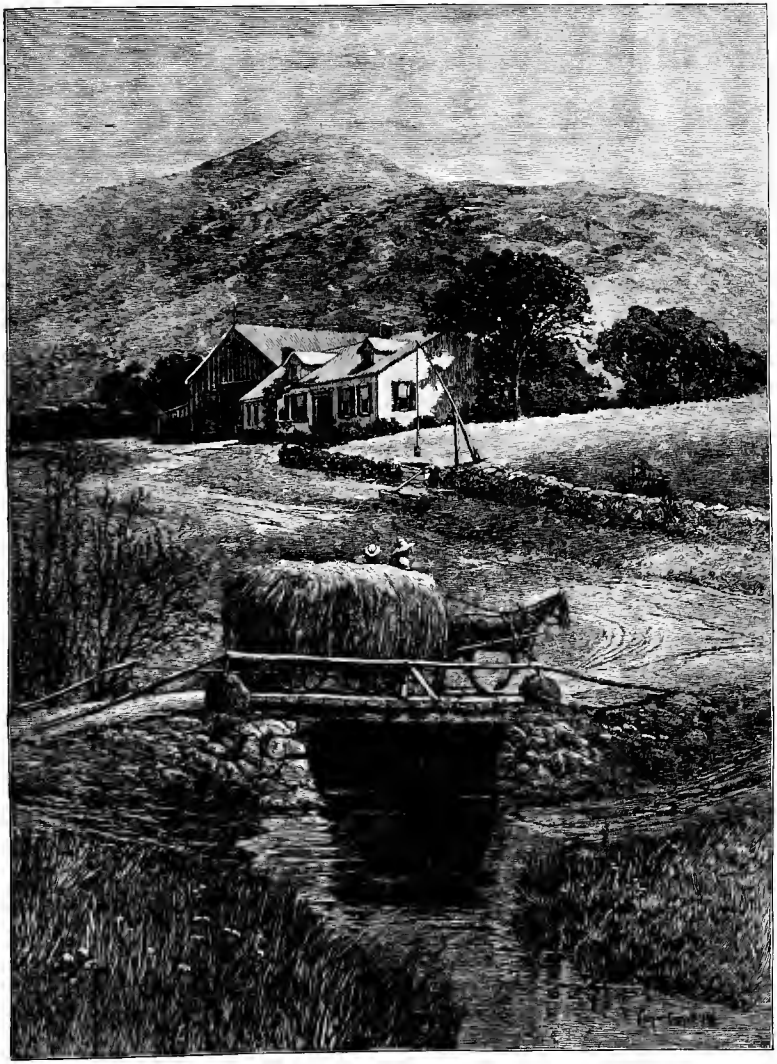
So within the prison cell
We are waiting for the day
That shall come to open wide the iron door.
And the hollow eye grows bright,
And the poor heart almost gay,
As we think of seeing home and friends once more.

CHORUS.

In the prison cell I sit
Thinking Mother dear, of you,

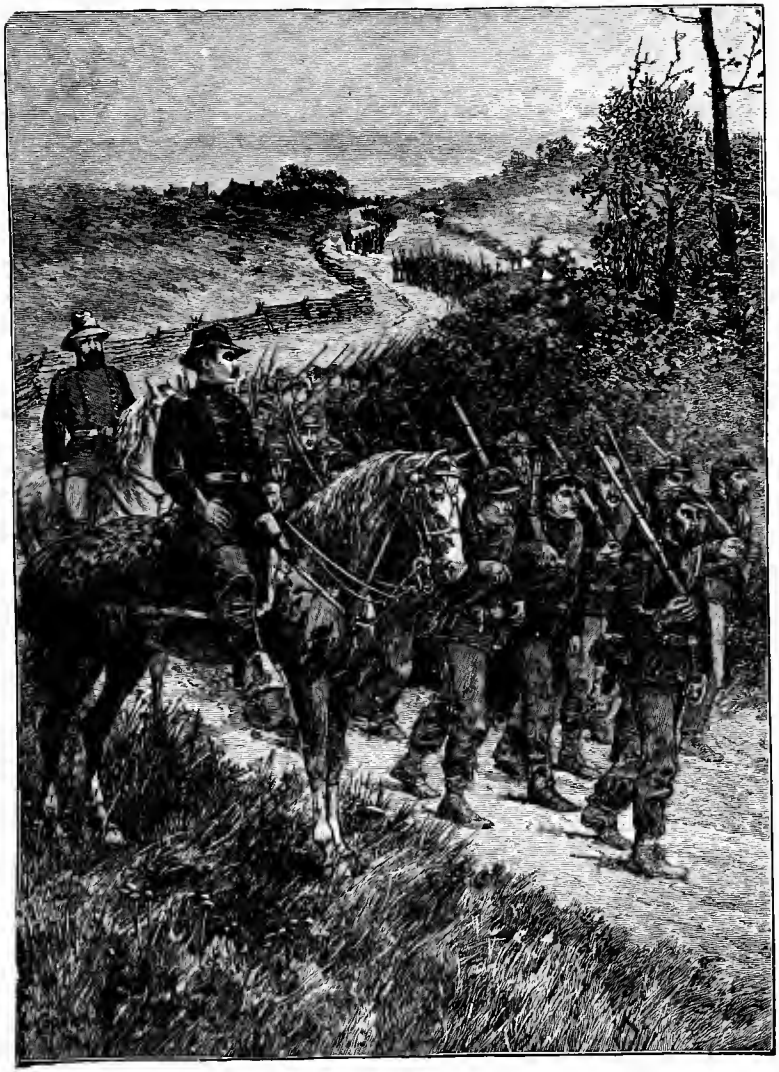


And our bright
and happy home
so far away,

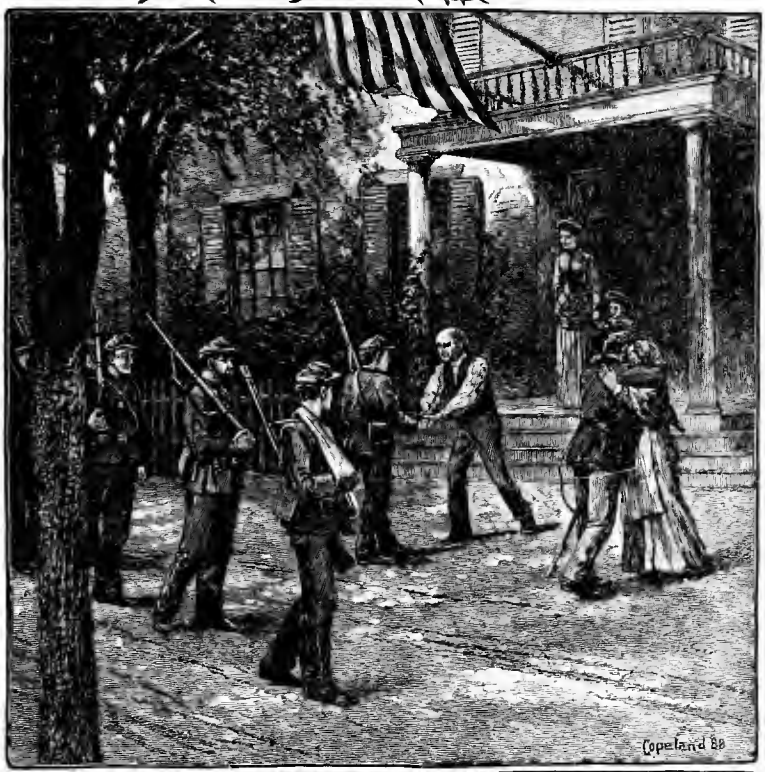


And the tears they fill my eyes
Spite of all that I can do,
Tho' I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

Tramp, tramp, tramp,
the boys are marching, ,
Cheer up comrades
they will come, ,



And beneath the
starry flag
We shall breathe the air again,
Of the freeland in our own
beloved home.


Copeland 88

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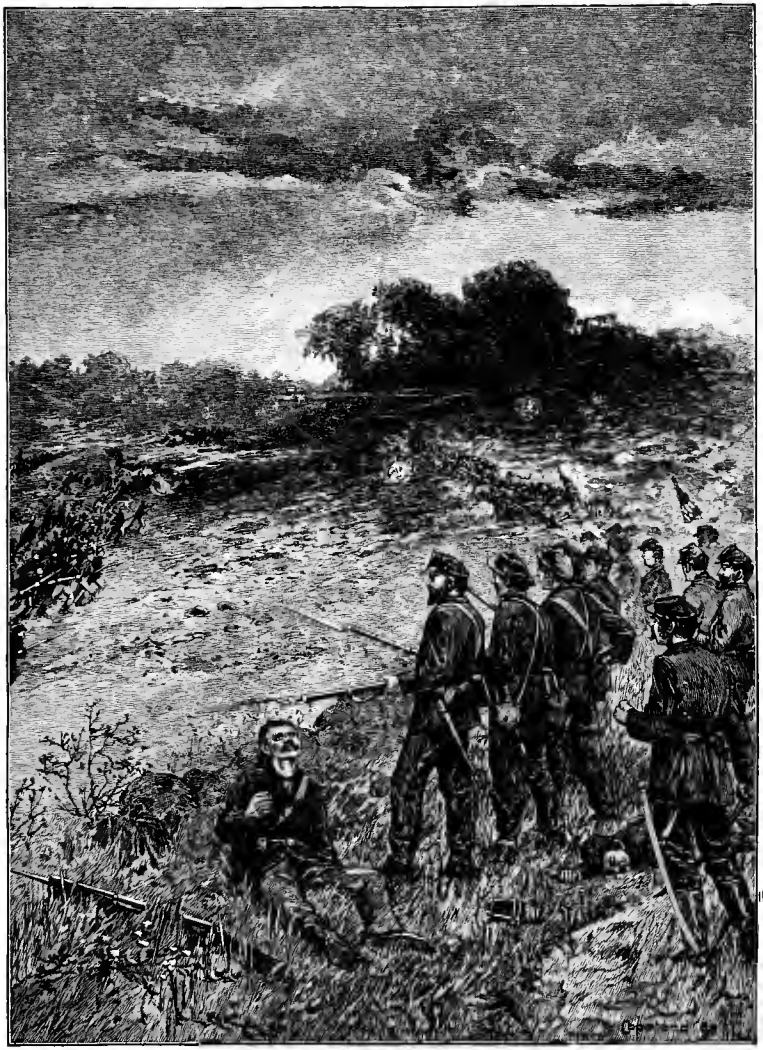

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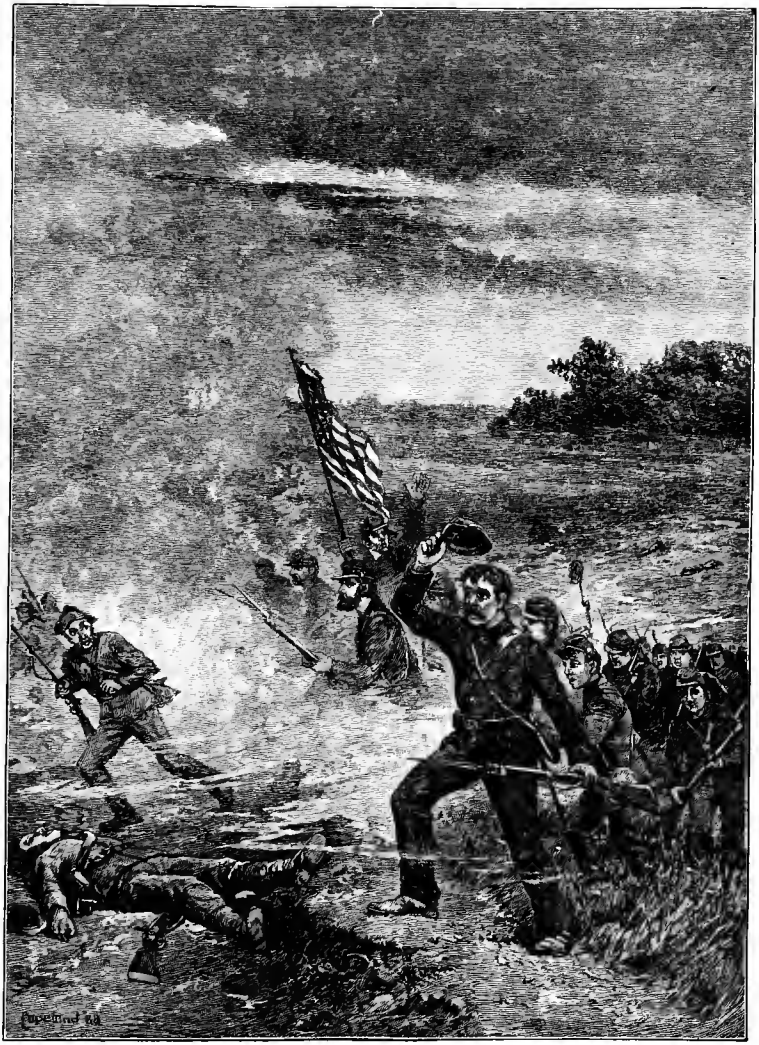
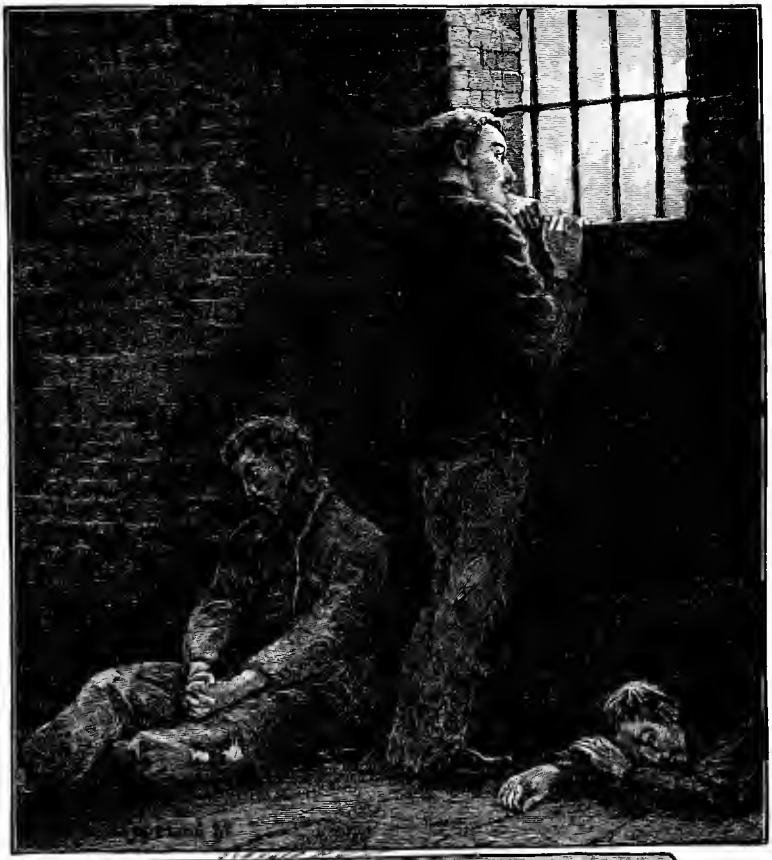
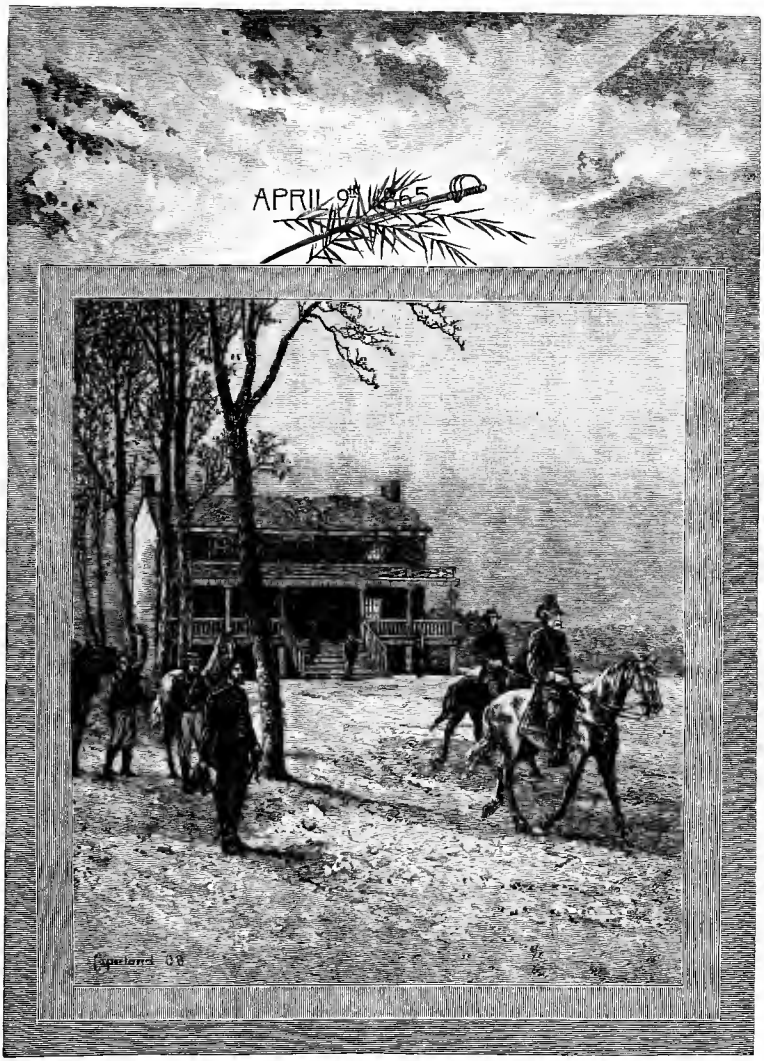


So within the prison cell, . .
We are waiting
for the day



That shall come
to open wide
the iron door.


APRIL 9th 1865

And the hollow eye
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And the poor heart
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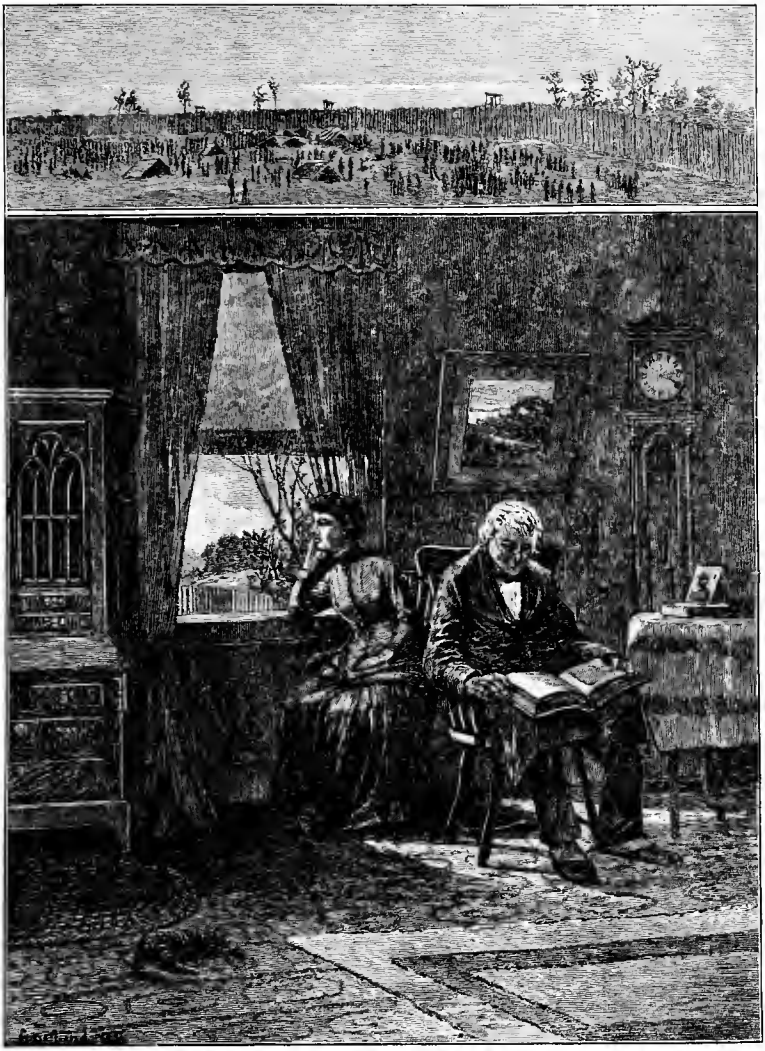
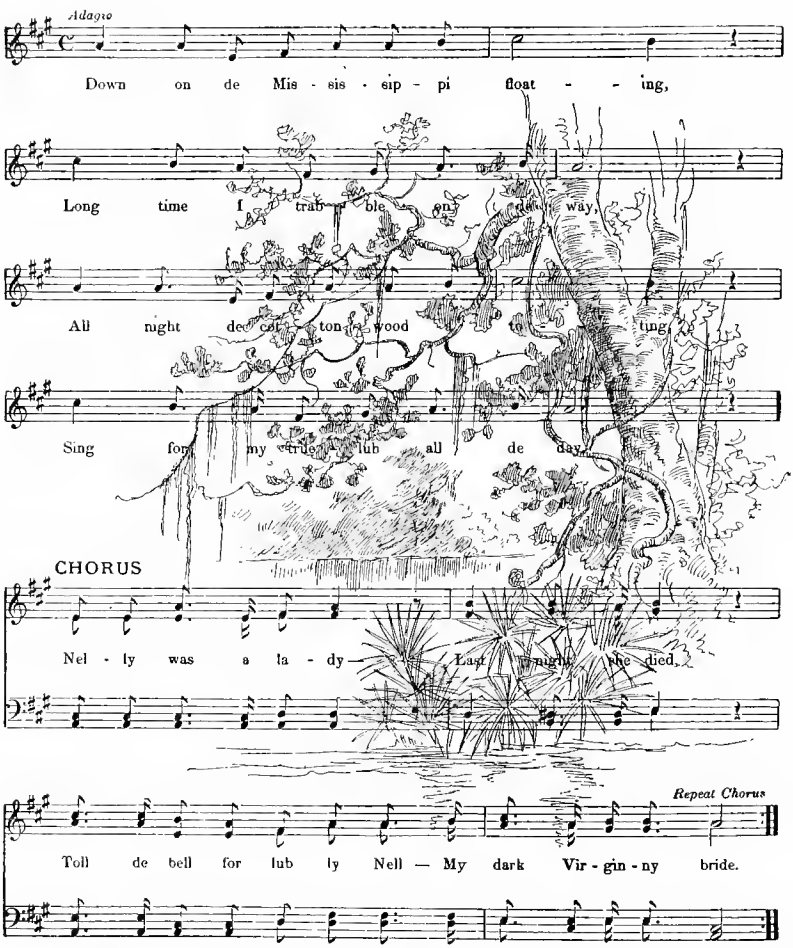
As we think of seeing
home and friends
once more



NELLY
was a
LADY

NELLY WAS A LADY.


Adagio
Down on de Mis - sis - sip - pi float - - ing,
Long time I trab - ble on de way,
All night de cot - ton wood sing,
Sing for my true lub all de day.
CHORUS
Nel - ly was a la - dy — Last night she died.
Repeat Chorus
Toll de bell for lub ly Nell — My dark Vir - gin - ny bride.

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NELLY WAS A LADY.

DOWN on de Mississippi floating,
Long time I trabble on de way,
All night de cotton-wood a-toting,
Sing for my true-lub all de day.

CHORUS.

Nelly was a lady,
Last night she died;
Toll de bell for lubly Nell,
My dark Virginny bride.

Now I 'm unhappy and I 'm weeping,
Can't tote de cotton-wood no more;
Last night, while Nelly was a-sleeping,
Death came a knockin' at de door. CHORUS.

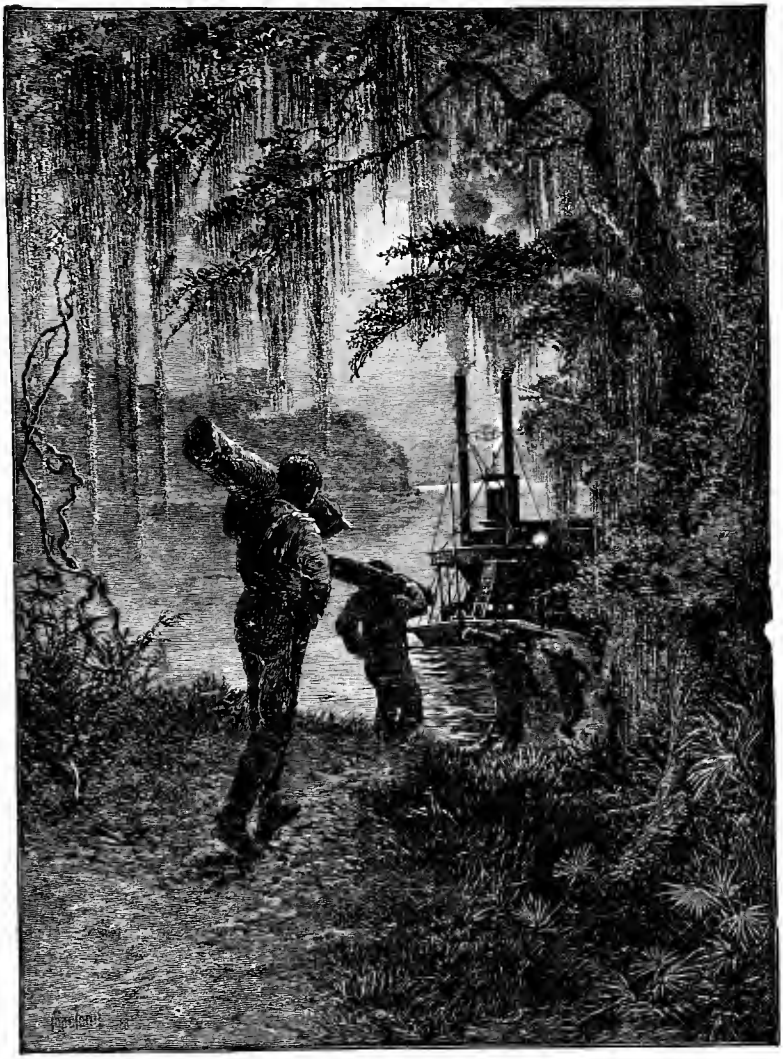
When I saw my Nelly in de morning
Smile till she open'd up her eyes,
Seem'd like de light ob day a dawning,
Jist 'fore de sun begin to rise. CHORUS.

Close by de margin ob de water,
Whar de lone weeping-willow grows,
Dar lib'd Virginny's lubly daughter;
Dar she in death may find repose. CHORUS.

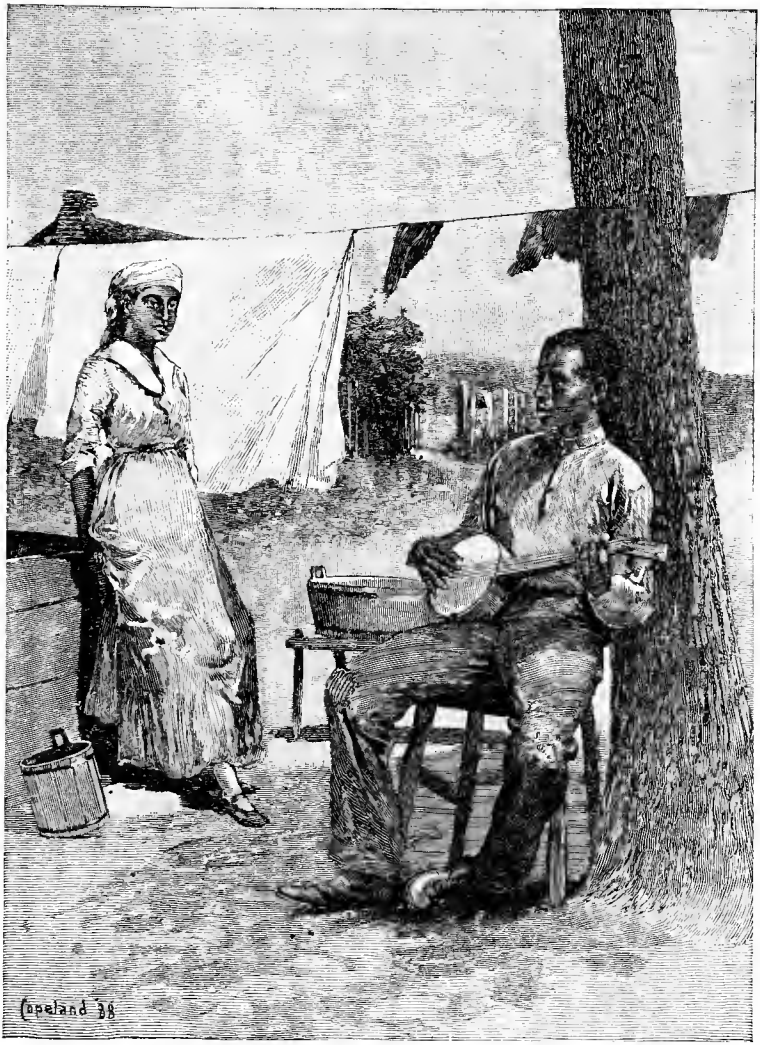
Down in de meadow 'mong de clober,
Walk wid my Nelly by my side;
Now all dem happy days am ober,
Farewell, my dark Virginny bride. CHORUS.

Down on de Mississippi floating,
Long time I trabble on de way,

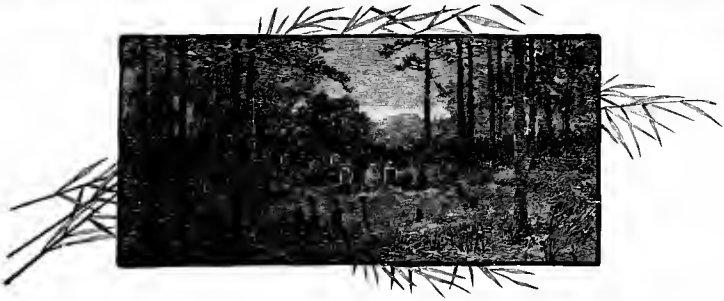
All night de cotton-wood
a toting,



Sing for my true-lub
all de day.

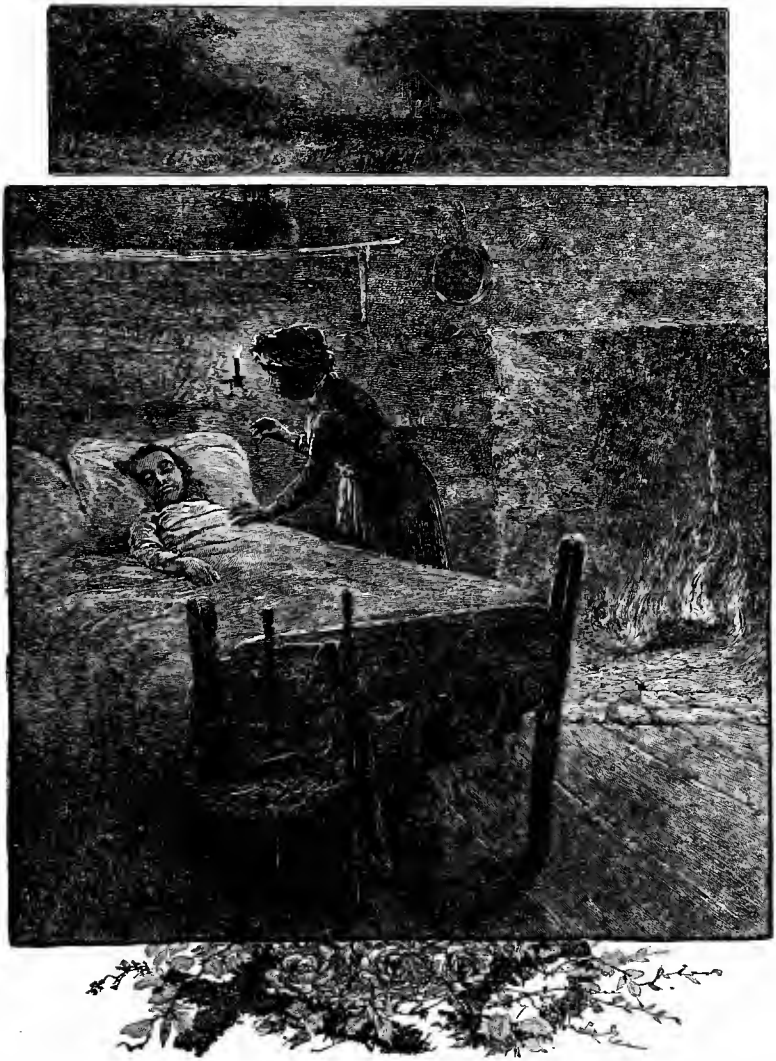

Copeland 38

Nelly was a lady,
Last night she died;
Toll de bell for lubly Nell,
My dark Virginny bride.



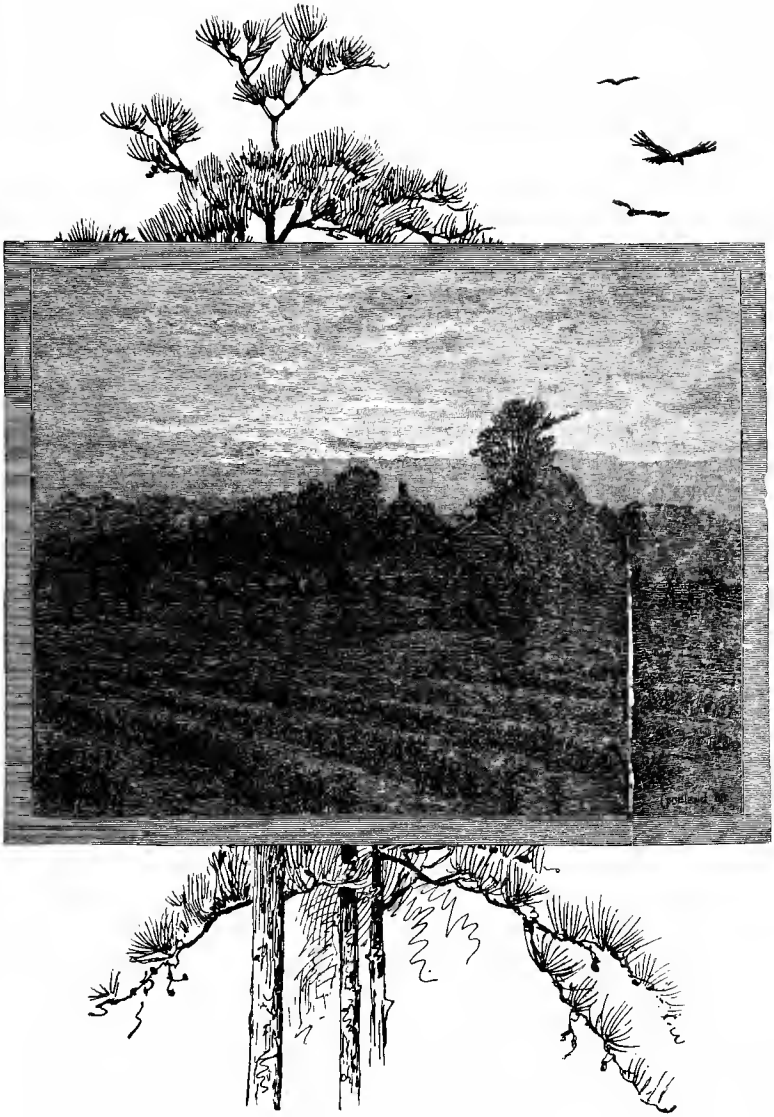
Now I'm unhappy
and I'm weeping,
Can't tote de cotton-wood
no more;

Last night, while Nelly
was a-sleeping,
Death came a knockin'
at de door.



When I saw my Nelly
in de morning
smile till
she open'd up her eyes,

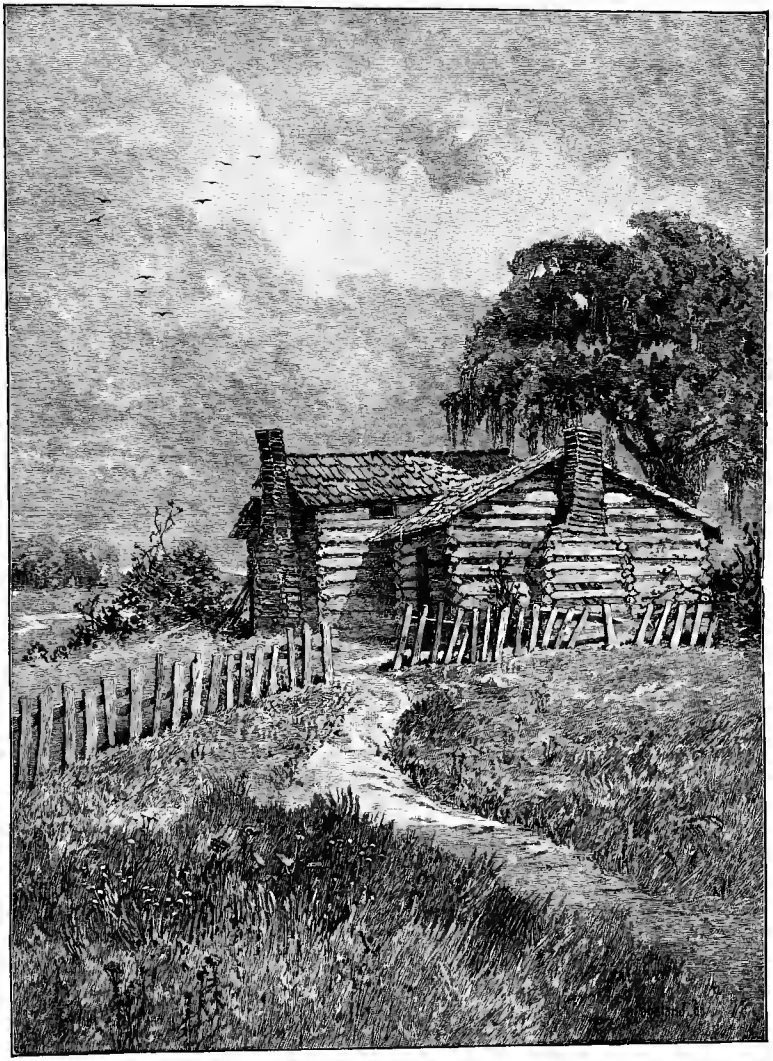
Seem'd like de light ob
day a dawning,
Jist fore de sun
begin to rise.



Close by de margin
ob de water, ,
Whar de lone
weeping-willow grows, ,

Copeland.

Dar lib'd Virginny's lubly daughter;
Dar she in death may find repose.



Down in de meadow
'mong de clober,
Walk wid my Nelly
by my side;
Now all dem happy days
am ober,
Farewell, my dark Virginny
bride.